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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

There are great things about this war, and all classes of people in this country should come out of it healthier and wiser, if considerably poorer. But the war has also been signalised, unfortunately, by the braying of a large number of importunate asses. There have been three prominent varieties of the ass of late, each of which has appeared intent on outdoing the other in hee-hawing. First, there have been the Dardanelles asses. No sooner was the preliminary shot fired than in their ignorance and absurd brag they concluded that Constantinople was all but captured. They indulged in rubbish about the “Turks packing up”, and with sickening iteration dwelt day after day on “the storming” of the “Narrows”; and, generally, made a debasing kind of beano of an exceedingly serious and an exceedingly difficult and dangerous undertaking.

Then we have had the incessant braying of the ass who talks and writes of the “sublime” spectacle of the “voluntary and spontaneous uprising, sir”, of a people in answer to Lord Kitchener's repeated appeals for more men; and who has made this country ridiculous and offensive and hypocritical in the eyes of France and the rest of Europe by boasting about one free Briton being worth three, five, or ten European and Australasian “Conscripts”. It is largely this ass who, having declared that the salvation of the British race depends on getting the recruits by chaos instead of by system, and who, having vowed that we must not compel a single man to defend his country or to work for his country, now clamours that we must compel every man from Shetland to Land's End to take only non-alcoholic drinks by Act of Parliament. According to this last and most egregious ass of all, it is the privilege of every freeborn Briton, during a great war, to strike and to spout to the top of his bent, and above all to shirk military service; but by rigorous Act of Parliament he must be prohibited, till Peace is signed, from drinking a thimbleful of anything stronger than toast and water.

We are glad that the Government has not attended very seriously to the total prohibition fool. Mr. Tennant, in the House on Wednesday, assured an obstinate questioner that it is not yet contemplated to deprive the soldiers of their beer from the canteens. The total prohibitionist is the wildest and worst of the talkers which the problem of drink has called out into the open. There are other fanatics no less dangerous. There is the nationalising preacher, who, not content with the war having forced upon the State more than the State would undertake to bear in normal times, now urges that drink in all its forms and the “Trade” in all its branches should be nationalised. All the breweries and public-houses in Great Britain are to be taken over by the Government because in certain districts a particular sort of cheap and poisonous spirit is excessively drunk by some men whose best work is necessary to the country. This mad scheme is to cost the country £300,000,000 and to plunge the Government into legislative and administrative work that would require months to get into any sort of working order.

Far more practicable than all this would be the plan of one of our correspondents this week that some sort of standard should be set up—a standard which would firmly discourage the sale of some of the cheap and injurious drugs which pass for whisky without protest or analysis from the authorities which license it for sale. The Government seems to contemplate a discrimination between different kinds of alcoholic refreshment, and it certainly seems reasonable that, if there is to be discrimination, it should be made in a scientific and systematic way.

The public will support any reasonable measure for stamping out the particular evil of the moment. It will not readily submit to foolish and unnecessary legislation. At any time the steam-hammer to smash the fly is absurd. At this time it is particularly absurd, for every inch of steam is needed for effective work. The drink problem is not now a national and social problem. It is a local problem, and a special problem that has little significance outside the cognate problem of munitions.

This problem of munitions is at last—after eight months of war—being comprehensively tackled. Mr. Lloyd George's new Committee, announced on Wednesday, has wide and adequate powers. It represents all the great departments and will take in hand the task of co-ordinating and organising all the mechanical resources of the country for the output of munitions. It is advised and supported by men of great experience in business; whilst the presence of Mr. Balfour, Mr. Booth, Mr. Henderson, and Mr. Harold Baker indicate the wide cast of the net. The new Committee follows exactly the precedent of France, which months ago had scientifically brought into relation all the available factories, employers, men, and material it could command. Hitherto in Great Britain the whole problem has been left to the casual energy of individual firms.

Sir John French's despatch concerning Neuve Chapelle adds another to the immortal stories that went before—Mons, the Marne, and La Bassée. Like these former great despatches, it is clear in exposition and simple in phrase. There is, too, that other quality of Sir John French's reports—a spontaneity of cordial praise where praise is due. Again the Field-Marshal has picked out for the warmest commendation a Commander who must now be put high among British Generals—Sir Douglas Haig. Then, too, there are the men, the living and the dead, whose "magnificent gallantry and devoted, tenacious courage" has for ever associated Neuve Chapelle with the British Army. Terrible was the price—500 officers and 12,811 men; but priceless the moral achievement. Also Sir John French now soberly assures us that the actual material gain, though it was less than might have been won if all had gone perfectly with his plan, was in reasonable proportion to the number of lives so nobly sacrificed. The cost of offensive as compared with defensive action may be reckoned by comparing the losses at Neuve Chapelle with the total losses of the war. Mr. Tennant announced these on Thursday as 139,347 up to 11 April. A tenth of this loss was incurred in three days at Neuve Chapelle.

The points where there was failure and delay are frankly indicated in Sir John French's report. The heavy losses of the Middlesex Regiment and the Scottish Rifles were due to their being brought up short before the enemy's wire entanglements. There had not been sufficient artillery preparation at this point. A little later there was some four hours and a half delay owing to the necessity for reorganising the advance. Sir John French at this point severely censures a neglect to observe orders clearly expressed: "I am of opinion that this delay would not have occurred had the clearly expressed order of the General Officer Commanding First Army been more carefully observed. The difficulties above enumerated might have been overcome at an earlier period of the day if the General Officer Commanding 4th Corps had been able to bring his reserve brigades more speedily into action".

After the first day the operations were severely checked by bad weather. Nevertheless, the positions won were successfully held. The whole enterprise promises well for the future. It was not particularly favoured by fortune. The success was won in spite of unforeseen mischances; and a loss was inflicted upon the enemy in excess of the cost. The main lesson to be drawn from the despatch is the need in attack for perfect artillery preparation; and for this enormous stores of munitions are required. Sir John French ends upon that need.

Minor points of the report are the praises given to the Canadian and Indian troops at Neuve Chapelle; to the individual gallantry of the patrols, who have kept the enemy alert and collected valuable information; also to the aerial service. Unfortunately, the airmen were not favoured with good conditions. But they did most

excellent work, descending to within fifty to a hundred feet of their objective where it was necessary.

The tenor of the late war council of the German General Staff seems to be revealing itself in the Carpathians. The Germans are found to be coming up in great strength to the support of Austria and are taking over the entire control of the operations. It is not the first time that the German armies have brought new life to the armies of Austria. Their arrival is significant. The importance of the Russian advance upon Hungary could not be more decisively illustrated. From the moment of the Russians appearing upon the southern spurs of the Carpathians it was a question for Germany of leaving the Hungarian plains to be overrun or of restoring the campaign with heavy reinforcements.

Now that a recruiting boom is being tried in London we would warn people very seriously against the talk at the present time about most of the really "serviceable" men having now been recruited. It is false, of course. There are some three millions of fit men of the right age in this country at the present time who have not been recruited; who give no sign of the desire or the intention to be recruited; and who are not going in any way—and indeed are not qualified—to assist in making the munitions of war. In London—where, it is said, recruiting has been on the whole good—it is quite easy to find these men in considerable numbers. The writer of this note lately counted in the smoking-room of a light refreshment shop over forty men at lunch: of this number, to all appearance, only two—himself and a friend—were above the serviceable age. The rest were "recruitable"—that is, provided they could be induced.

But it is always simple to find an abundance of young men of this description in London; and, by going round from one favourite and crowded lunching place to another between, say, 12.30 p.m. and 2 p.m. or 2.30 p.m., one might count many hundreds in quite a short time. Again, in the Tubes at certain hours, and at hundreds of places on Saturday afternoons and on Sunday afternoons, the recruitable men in London may be noticed in large force. The same thing may no doubt be observed in many cities. But of course these men are now very difficult men to induce: they have grown hardened against recruiting appeals, between eight and nine months of such appeals, and there is no doubt the vast majority of them take today a very sanguine view indeed of the war. They look on Austria as virtually finished off, and foresee Russia ere long hammering at the doors of Berlin; whilst all thought of the enemy ever appearing here, either on the land or in the air, has vanished. The writer of this note has talked to a fair number of men of this class, and he has not met with a single one who regards the German peril as real. They say sapiently that Germany has failed; they regard her as a nation of mere sausage-eaters now played out (the view of the armchair strategist and the club bore). The general attitude of these men is not "If the Government want me, let them come and fetch me": that is more a rural point of view; rather, their view is, "The Government do not want me; what is wanted is not men but shells".

Besides, unemployment is no longer so rife among this class, if indeed among any class, as it was. The men who were thrown out of work at the start by the war and its blow to trade have been now recruited for the most part; and the men who have not enlisted have jobs and do not feel tempted to fling them up. Hence the difficulty of so-called voluntary and spontaneous recruiting has naturally increased and increased. These men mostly will not budge: that is the long and short of it. A correspondent in the SATURDAY REVIEW lately ("W. R. W.", SATURDAY REVIEW, 3 April) lamented the absence of an Elijah to stimulate recruiting; but

would even the prophet himself have a mighty success in conditions such as these? Prophets in a great cause have sometimes been mocked at, if not stoned, for their eloquence—especially prophets who have foretold war and its perils.

In this connection may be read Colonel Cregan's letter in the SATURDAY REVIEW to-day. He draws attention to a letter in the "Westminster Gazette" of 14 April in which we are gravely told that only a small minority of the recruitable men has not enlisted! It happens that some three million of the right age have not enlisted. But it is idle to try to instruct the ignoramuses in the Ministerialist Press in the bare elements of the recruiting question. They know nothing, they insist in knowing nothing, of facts and figures. Instead, they prefer to go on chattering about voluntarism and spontaneity and blood-guiltiness and war-to-end-war and cosmopolite policemen for Europe: and they brand anybody who tries to teach them a few simple facts as a "Conscriptionist", a term which, as a correspondent showed lately in the SATURDAY REVIEW, is slipshod and misleading in this connection. We get letters ourselves from these resolutely ignorant people at times: just before writing this we received one which wrathfully advised us to study "Lord Wolsey".

Meanwhile there is cause for real satisfaction in the splendid progress and appearance of great numbers of the men who *have* joined. General von Hindenburg is reported to have made some scornful remarks lately to an American interviewer on the new British Armies. It is strange that a soldier so unquestionably gifted and successful as he has proved himself should choose to demean his calling thus. From Admiral von Tirpitz, stung by failure and loss, and by the precipitate flight of his fleet in the North Sea, we have learnt to expect undignified outbursts of spleen. General von Hindenburg has a very different record, yet he tells his interviewer that the new Army is "a mob"! He should see, perhaps he will by and by, some of the new battalions of, for example, Guards. He should see what we can see any day in London—the splendid physique, the perfect health and high heart and good humour; and he should hear the music of their tramp. How young men in the streets can watch these regiments, and yet resist the call to fall in, often astonishes and perplexes one.

There is another real cause for satisfaction: many of us have criticised the Territorial system in the past on various counts. But the Territorials, thanks to the war, are going to turn out trumps. He is a mean critic who grudges his tribute of praise in this matter now. We are glad to quote in full Lord Esher's stirring appeal this week:

"Men of London,—In August last, on behalf of the Association of the County, I appealed to you to give 30,000 Territorials, in a few days, to the King. Your response was immediate and twofold. It enabled Lord Kitchener to send, as he told Parliament, the 2nd London Division, as well as many other London battalions, to fight the King's enemies abroad. On Easter Sunday I saw your magnificent London Division at the Front. Sir John French warmly praised their soldierly bearing, and they rival the best troops in France. They had already sustained losses, and they urged me to ask you to keep them supplied with drafts. In their name I appeal to you. You have volunteered freely for every arm of the service. Continue to do so. But always remember that the London Territorial regiments are second to none in achievement. The Kensingtons, the Westminster, the Victorias, and others are names inscribed for ever on the battle roll of England. Our Territorials have the first claim upon Londoners. I promise that every man who joins a London regiment shall be walking about in uniform within 12 hours, and within a few weeks he may be called upon to stand alongside his gallant and splendid fellow-citizens in Flanders, who have never

yielded an inch of ground before German menace or attack, and, please God, never will".

Noted briefly among the gallant deeds of the late patrol fighting off the Belgian coast is the name of Petty Officer Robert Chappell, "of the 'Falcon', who, though both legs were shattered and he was dying, continued to try and assist in the tending of the wounded". It is one of a hundred such incidents recorded of our soldiers and sailors in the war—recorded in brief, official language which throws their heroic beauty into clear relief.

A letter of Sir William B. Forwood in the "Times" on Thursday witnesses to the fine spirit of our mercantile marine. He tells us of the captain of his liner with two guns on the poop and a strong prow ready to put up a good fight with a German submarine. One wonders if it has been possible to give many of our captains such an opportunity. All they require is the chance of retort, and it clearly does not increase their peril to take it when they can. The German submarine in any case fires now without warning or delay, whether the ship has a serviceable gun on the poop or is plainly marked as a relief ship.

The Zeppelin raids this week have caused some mild sensation and aroused some curiosity and excitement along the East Coast; but their long trips to Blyth and Lowestoft were unrewarded. It is encouraging to know that on Wednesday night the invaded district could without loss of time be immediately plunged into darkness as soon as the invading craft were discovered, and that on Thursday night the local authorities were ready for them long before they appeared. The invasion by Zeppelin has so far proved only a very small side-show of the war.

It is welcome news to hear from Mr. Harcourt that the Government is deeply impressed with the necessity of consulting the Dominions freely and fully in the coming settlement. It was, of course, unthinkable that they should not have an important share in the discussion of terms of peace. Mr. Harcourt has done well to publish the exact tenor of his correspondence with Mr. Fisher and the Dominion Premiers. Naturally, opinion was not generally in favour of a formal Imperial Conference this year with all the minutes, reports, and blue-books intact. But we still think that an informal meeting of Imperial envoys this year would be suitable and acceptable to the Dominions if heartily invited by the Government.

The Peace-talk that circulates freely and mysteriously in Europe and America can safely be ascribed to German sources. This does not mean that the Germans are ready to ask for peace, or even are anxious to prepare a way towards peace. It is merely part of the old German plan to extricate Germany from the position of proved aggressor. Germany now perceives that she too clearly showed her hand in July and August of last year. She would now be taken for a lover of peace. Hence the desire that someone should mediate and offer to the Allies terms which are not acceptable. The guilt of starting the war is proved to belong to Germany. Germany's plan is to make the Allies seem responsible for its continuing. This plan is seen through alike by the enemies of Germany as by neutrals. Germany has so far had no success in this line of policy in America. Not all American citizens would go so far in outspoken friendship towards the Allies as Dr. Eliot, of Harvard; but he undoubtedly speaks for many Americans in his remarkable answer to Count Bernstorff.

"Do not", he said, "pray for peace now. I cannot conceive a worse catastrophe for the human race than peace in Europe now. If it were declared now, Germany would be in possession of Belgium, and German aggressive militarism would have triumphed. That would be a success for Germany after she had

committed the greatest crime a nation can commit—namely, faithlessness to treaty rights—and the sanctity of contracts would pass for nothing, and civilisation would be set back for centuries."

We can respect the sorrow and distress of Pope Benedict in the present state of war, and we observe with indignation that his longing for peace has been shamefully exploited by the German-American interviewer of Admiral von Tirpitz and the Crown Prince. It looks as though an adroit attempt was being made by Germany to use the great influence of the Pope and the veneration in which he is held in the interests of the German cause. The Allies can listen to no terms of peace that do not take account of the fact that Germany has wrongfully seized Belgium and owes an indemnity to the whole world. We do not imagine for a moment that the Pope condones the conduct of Germany in Belgium; and we shall expect from him when he talks of peace that he will also have something to say concerning the merits of this war—as to who is responsible for the war and for the black consequences of the war being waged according to a more savage code than any war of modern times. The Pope may plead that to decide this question aright is too great a responsibility for him to accept. But it surely is a responsibility every way as great to talk of peace without counting the cost to civilisation or the terms.

A correspondent writes: "We lose a great Bishop in James Moorhouse. It was not till he became Vicar of Paddington that Mr. Moorhouse became generally known. There he was a model parish priest, sensible, energetic, and popular. He was wisely chosen for the difficult task of succeeding Bishop Fraser. He made an ideal Bishop of Manchester, his business ability and shrewd common sense appealing to Manchester men. He made his mark in the Northern Convocation, and though he did not often speak in the House of Lords he was much respected there. One of his last acts before resigning was to carry what was known as the Wear and Tear Amendment.

"When Dr. Fraser died Lord Salisbury took immense pains to find a strong successor for the See of Manchester. When his letter reached Melbourne the Bishop was a hundred miles up the country. Mrs. Moorhouse sent it up by a relay of horses, and it found the Bishop smoking a pipe with a publican in an out-of-the-way part of the diocese. I interviewed the Bishop for a North country paper when he landed at Dover, and I shall never forget the twinkle in his eye as he said, 'Lord Malmesbury used to say that he was called to the Foreign Office from shooting wild duck, and I may be said to have been recalled to England from the bar.' His success in Australia began with the answer he made to a Governor of Victoria who warned him that he must expect every man in the Colony to consider himself his equal, if not his superior. 'If that be so', said Dr. Moorhouse, 'I shall meet a great many men of the same opinion as myself.' His unselfishness and modesty had a great deal to do with his success. He was a splendid man of business, and strongly advocated irrigation, and was a great advocate of Imperial Federation. Even his opposition to secular education did not make him unpopular, and his view and that of Bishop Barry have been signally justified."

This week we have added to the Roll of Honour an honoured name. The death of Mr. G. C. Gladstone has naturally affected the House of Commons. His young career was full of hope; for he had undoubted ability and a great sense of patriotism. He did not imagine till war broke out that his life would be dedicated to his country as a soldier; but he could not refuse the new call when it came. It is indeed sad that the new service should have called him away for ever from the old.

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE TOTAL PROHIBITIONIST FOOLS.

WE do not go back for a moment on a word we have said about the necessity for the Government to strike a crushing blow at the drink peril among the men in the munitions of war factories. Before the next issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW the evil, we hope, will have been tackled; for it is evidently a localised ill, raging in certain known areas, and therefore lends itself to sane and scientific rather than to sensational treatment. But we regard with disgust and contempt the wild orgy in favour of total prohibition of all alcohol by Act of Parliament which has disgraced the nation during the last week or so. This outbreak has come from two classes of zealots and fools. One class with undoubted sincerity believes that in compulsory teetotalism all round is to be found the prompt panacea for our various ills to-day, ills chiefly, of course, due to going unprepared in men and in munitions eight and a half months ago into a gigantic land campaign against the greatest military Power the world has seen. This class does not stop for a moment to enquire whether such a sensational coup, as they propose is in the least degree practicable, or whether it would not absurdly fail of its effect, as such huge and unconsidered Acts of Parliament passed in dreadful panic must fail. It does not stop to discover the real truth about the drink and munitions problem in the North. It does not take any notice of Mr. Lloyd George's explanation—when he is assailed by Mr. Keir Hardie—that it is only a minority, and perhaps even a very small minority, of the workers in the munition factories who are guilty. It cares for nothing, it demands nothing but instant, violent, and irrational action. It is for a wild and desperate leap in the dark. The question of compensation does not matter to it; the attitude and feeling of the workers do not matter to it; the fact that by this act an immense number of moderate and thoroughly patriotic people all over the British Isles would be penalised because possibly "a very small minority" of workers in certain munition factories have been taking too much liquid poison does not matter to it.

We must give this class of total prohibitionist all credit for sincerity; and sincerity is a great and refreshing thing. Unfortunately in this instance it is not allied with information or intelligence; and when burning zeal, even zeal in good doing, is not tempered by the understanding it is perilous in politics and in life at large.

The second class of zealot, which has been striving by a desperate uproar and by snowing out Downing Street with "Do it, Do it Now" letters and postcards, is not, we think, so artless. It is out not so much to end the war quickly, as is the first class of zealot: rather it is out to end the publican quickly.

It is out to end what it loves to jeer at as "Beer, beer, glorious beer!" It is out to hit the hated brewer, the "liquor interest"—and behind it all, we rather fancy, it is out to hit, as it fondly hopes, the wicked Tory! It is out, in short, for a good old-fashioned party "scrap"; and we are surprised to notice that Sir F. C. Gould so far has missed this choice opportunity of dragging forth his familiar cartoons of bloated "Bung" and mixing them up with suitable cartoons of the Bishops and of the House of Peers.

These, then, we observe, are the two classes which mainly have raised and kept going the loud uproar for total prohibition by Act of Parliament of all alcohol, from poisonous, fiery spirit down to absolutely harmless and wholesome light wines and Devonshire cider; and they have found a certain number of eager boomsters in the Press—though, on the whole, the bulk of the Press has certainly kept its head in the matter—to run their intemperate campaign for every copy it is worth.

Temperate and educated opinion will have nothing whatever to do with these two classes of bigots and boomsters, neither with the artless nor with the artful one.

Equally ruinous, surely, would be the plan to turn every public-house into a State public-house and to institute Nationalisation of beer and whisky. We see it solemnly stated in several quarters that this plan has "engaged the attention" of the Government, but that it will not be carried out until the Opposition leaders have agreed to it! It is a plan much more fitted to engage the attention of Colney Hatch.

If we launched into anything of the sort, total prohibition of alcohol by Act of Parliament or nationalisation of alcohol, we should involve the country in a confusion ten times worse confounded than that we are worrying under to-day. Really one might be tempted to enquire, "Are there any distinguished gentlemen of German names or extraction at the back of this campaign for a regime of Parliamentary toast and water?" We have already had the singular spectacle of a gentleman with a Teutonic name setting out with pomp to recruit our new armies for us. What next?

Let us put all these foolish bigots, suffering from a sort of moral elephantiasis, and all these artful party dodgers, out of consideration, and come at the ill. So far as we can discover it is a serious ill—though Mr. Lloyd George now seems inclined to reduce the culprits to a small minority of the munition workers—but a restricted and a local one. We must admit we hardly gathered that on the first flush, when the enemy drink was likened with the enemy Germany; but let this pass. Surely the best way is to strike the blow locally and hard. To cure an abscess or a malignant growth, the physician does not apply his lancet to the whole body, to the wholesome flesh as well as to the diseased. Even the complete prohibition by Act of Parliament of whisky and other spirits strikes one as somewhat uncalled for. Still, it is common sense and moderation compared with the wild scheme of the cranks.

On the whole, the best hope of success lies in some prompt and drastic State action locally; whilst as for the country generally, outside the infected areas, good example would have an excellent result. We wholly agree with the reasoned and discreet remarks on this head of Mr. Harold Cox in the "Edinburgh Review" just published. The King, as Mr. Cox says, has done a great service to the country by his example. Abstinence on these lines will cause no resentment among the working classes: whereas the proposal to forbid them by Act of Parliament henceforth to drink a mug of ale—though so many of them are loyally working day and night—is a downright insult. That would be a capital way not to get on with the war, but to delay it by causing an outburst of very natural indignation all over the kingdom. The working man is doing "his bit"; and doing it perhaps a great deal better than the bulk of his bitter total prohibitionist critics to-day.

PEACE WITHOUT HONOUR.

THERE is a possible disaster to this country greater than the most desperate and prolonged war. It is the disaster of a premature peace concluded before the lesson of this war has been mastered by our people. Is the Great War, with its sacrifice in thousands of heroic lives and incalculable treasure to be fought altogether in vain? That is the question which presents itself to every thoughtful observer whenever there appear signs of activity on the part of those whose interest it is to encourage false talk of an early and slubbered peace. The final answer to all talk of peace in the present war is that peace is not possible as a compromise between two equal adversaries. Such a peace would sacrifice all for which the fierce agony of war has been borne by the Allied nations. Peace is only possible as a firm and lasting assertion by our victorious armies that the ideas and aspirations which drove Germany to declare war upon her neighbours are detestable. We have yet to establish by force of arms that conduct such as the conduct of Germany in Belgium and upon the sea is intolerable to the conscience of the civilised world. We have to prove to the threatening Power which has rattled the sword for a generation and appealed at last to the sword as sole arbiter that the sword has broken in the hand of the appellant. To talk even distantly of peace with the German armies firmly established in Belgium; with the German apologists proclaiming their right of conquest; with the German military machine jarred but still virtually intact; with the resources and the will still left to our enemies to continue plotting against the world's peace and to continue nursing a bitter rancour against Great Britain—to treat with an enemy who has learned nothing from his moral blunder except an iron resolution to be stronger and more circumspect at the next offending—this would be to make a mock of all that the Allies have done and suffered so far in the war.

There is only one full compensation for Great Britain in the war. If the war leaves us with a finer sense of proportion and of public duty, if it teaches us what it means to be strong and ready, the war will have been not wholly a disaster. We have to realise that far from being the war that will end war this has been a war which has shown that a modern nation has heavily to pay for neglecting to be ready to enforce a peace. It is not surprising that those who talk of an easy and rapid peace are also those who refuse to face our military problem in the future. Admiral Sir James Bruce writes to us this week in the clearest and bluntest terms of our first duty when the war is finished. Not only have we to fight until the terms of our victory can be dictated to Germany; but we have also to realise that in future Great Britain must regard herself as France and Russia and Germany regard themselves—namely, as a nation which must be ready for war by land and sea. An easy peace concluded short of an absolute victory would obscure the moral of the war equally for Germany and for ourselves. It would leave the work again to do; for Germany would still desire to try the issue again, and Great Britain would not yet have realised the extent of the effort which the modern fight to a finish must needs entail.

M. Poincaré has this week reasserted the object of the war in noble words: "So long as it is necessary to fight, France will fight. In agreement with her Allies she will not consider peace until she has driven the aggressor out of Belgium, restored the integrity of her own territory, crushed Prussian militarism by a common effort, and liberated Europe. She owes this to her history and to her honour. I will add that she also owes it to those of her children who are bleeding and dying, and who justly think that it is not at the foot of hecatombs that a precarious peace may be made."

The recent efforts of Germany to get peace offered and discussed by neutral observers have shown not only that the British public as a whole and the allied nations are set upon fighting this war to the end, but that many impartial witnesses also begin to realise

that it would be useless and unfair to the Allies to offer peace at an indecisive stage of the struggle. We have elsewhere quoted the strong words of Dr. Eliot in answer to the clumsy suggestions of Count Bernstorff. The attempt of a German interviewer to use the great influence of the Pope to promote a fruitless mediation is even more instructive. Those who most deeply respect the authority of the Pope and most keenly sympathise with his distress at this time are the first to resent the way in which an act of courtesy has been misused for the political purposes of Germany. The promotion by Germany of peace talk is part of a definite plan to throw the burden of continuing the war upon the Allies. The German Government now realises how heavy the proved charge lies upon the German cause that Germany was the aggressor. Germany's plan is to tie this stone about the neck of the Allies. If Germany can induce a high and impartial authority to intervene with terms of peace which are unacceptable to the Allies, or if Germany can publicly appear as welcoming talk of a peace for which the Allies are not yet ready, Germany might claim at any rate a dialectical victory on the moral side. Germany's problem is to find the necessary high and impartial authority. It is typical of the resourceful insolence of the German diplomatists that they have already made efforts to involve the Vatican and the United States.

In Great Britain we have scrupulously to watch for and disavow any sign of activity on the part of our own secret and entirely unrepresentative party of peace, which even now has its plans and counsels ready for action. A British peace party, though it has no more real influence than the insignificant peace party in Germany, might undoubtedly hearten the enemy and help the German campaign of obscurity in neutral countries. We shall have to watch this matter more closely as the war pinches us harder and yet more hard. The refusal of any peace with Germany short of a peace that can be dictated has nothing to do with useless hatred towards the German nation. It has everything to do with justice to our dead and to the cause for which they died. Also it has everything to do with the security of Great Britain in the years to come.

Any talk of peace at this time is foolish and wrong. It is grossly offensive to our soldiers, who know how unreal it is. It tempts people to think of the war as virtually finished, as a mere matter of "polishing off" a German army or so in the East and West, or of waiting a few months for famine or a financial collapse or a shortage of munitions to dispose of the enemy outright. The war is not nearly at an end yet. It cannot be finished out of hand to humour that small section of the public on whom the excitement begins to pall of reading daily about British, French, and Russian fictitious victories. We have yet to face the colossal task of retrieving Belgium. This week we have an opportunity of coolly estimating the immensity of the effort required. We have read Sir John French's despatch concerning Neuve Chapelle. In this despatch we realise the effort and the loss, the study and the skill, which were needed to achieve that brave advance. Then we look at the map and reflect, not upon the glory of Neuve Chapelle, which cannot be measured, but upon the few roods of soil won from the German invader, beyond which, line upon line, lie his successive positions scored into the soil of Belgium. Clearly it is not yet time to talk of peace or to admit any impatience or weariness with war. It is the part of the Government and the Press to insist upon this to the public. The public attitude at present is sound and set upon thoroughly finishing the war before it talks of peace. But we doubt if the public quite realises how great is the task which is yet to do. There is danger in a false lightness of heart and an obvious opportunity for those who want the public to think of the war as something virtually concluded before there is any real ground for doing so. The Great War is not being fought for a paper victory or for the *status*

quo ante. Mediation, if Germany would accept it now or in the immediate future, cannot be acceptable to the Allies. To talk of peace is to play into the hands of Germany; to ignore the cause and motive of the war; to invite the Allied Powers voluntarily to betray the cause for which they are fighting. Also it betrays in the talker a dark ignorance as to the spirit and intention of the allied armies and of the great task they are about to undertake upon the frontiers of Germany.

PRISONERS OF WAR.

HOW shall we treat our prisoners of war? Shall we continue to meet at Newmarket or Ascot? Shall there be football at Birmingham or Sheffield? Is Germany really an inventive and cultured nation? Ought we to hate Germany loudly and systematically? All these questions are secondary; and it is not well for the public mind to be turned towards them and away from essential things. There is no greater danger than that of losing sight of what is necessary in this war. Questions like the German prisoners question are not questions of the first rank. Clearly we have done well to get at the truth of the treatment of British prisoners in Germany, and clearly we must make every possible attempt to relieve them. But let us refuse to waste energy and time in wondering whether we ought not to make German prisoners in England less comfortable because British prisoners in Germany have been made wretched.

Wretched, certainly, is the plight of many of our brave soldiers in Germany. The especial hatred in which the British are held by Germany is revealed upon every page of the White Paper published by the Foreign Office as to the treatment of British prisoners in the German camps. The evidence would be incredible if it were not set down in the calm phrases of impartial investigators. British prisoners have been insulted, buffeted, and spat upon by German crowds as they passed through the country from the battlefield to the detention camps. They have been forced to travel in filthy trucks when better accommodation was available. On arrival at the camp, they have been badly fed on insufficient food, and sometimes set disgusting tasks, not as a punishment for insubordination but as a penalty for being British and bearing arms against Germany.

Rumours of these things had reached England, and reports, too, which were at first discredited, of inhumanity to our wounded soldiers who fell into German hands. It was a Dutch eye-witness whose indignation was raised some weeks ago by the deliberate cruelty which he observed towards desperately wounded British soldiers who were denied food, comforts, attendance, although these were given to others in similar plight. We have learnt from some of the wounded English prisoners who have been exchanged as unfit for further military service that the Dutch account was no exaggeration. British newspapers have acted loyally in the spirit of an official hint not to dwell on these matters, but private information takes the place of a reticent Press.

The German gospel of frightfulness has not taken us altogether by surprise, although some of its grosser manifestations, in Belgium and Poland, have amazed us. But this ill-treatment of prisoners is no part of the gospel of frightfulness. A psychological basis underlies the studied terrorism of the German theory of war. It aims at breaking down the moral resistance of the enemy, and at keeping neutrals from joining him. It endeavours to terrify the enemy's civil population while his military force is being destroyed, and if successful it obviously means his utter rout. It is a doubtful doctrine, for the sight of towns in flames and women and children ill-treated may conceivably spur the enemy to a desperate valour, a fanatic bravery which achieves wonders; the Germans have not, we think, allowed enough for the mental balance and fortitude of resistance among their enemies.

But in any case the German doctrine of frightfulness has no bearing on the treatment of prisoners. Clearly it is always the interest of a belligerent State to treat its prisoners well. Few combatants, whose heart is in the fight, will allow themselves easily to be taken prisoners. But a man taken prisoner is as good as a man killed—he is out of action for the war, and logically, therefore, one would have thought it the business of the German or of any other belligerent to put the other side into a state of mind in which they were not unwilling to be made prisoners. The Germans have done exactly the reverse. They have treated their British prisoners so badly that the soldier, even with desperate odds against him, would sooner fight to the end than fall into their hands.

If there is a policy behind this savagery it is a policy of hatred and revenge. Germany has assured the world, and attempted to give proof of her assurance, that she respects the French and Russians, and is willing to make terms with them, but that against England she will fight to the death. This assurance has been interpreted in many quarters as an astute diplomatic attempt to divide the Allies, to make the war more manageable from a German point of view—we have von Moltke's word for it that this war "is no child's play"; but however that may be, there is a mass of evidence, from allies, from neutrals, and from Germans themselves, that England is the particular object of their hate. A German-American journalist, Mr. Gustave Roeder, who is friendly to the German side, has given an account of German opinion on this matter. "You are told", said Germans to him, "about the atrocities committed in Belgium by German soldiers. Whatever was committed in Belgium cannot be called barbarism on the part of the German army, but once let us get into England and there will be no way of holding back our soldiers, and no doubt the world will learn of atrocities being committed such as are unknown to-day". The Germans have not got into England; but, meantime, they wreak their vengeance on those Englishmen whom the chance of war has put into their power in Germany.

This is a new thing in European war. In the Napoleonic wars Englishmen and Frenchmen fought like gentlemen, and treated their prisoners with the courtesy due to the unfortunate. There has never been anything quite like the German hatred of England. The Germans discriminate against British prisoners, and treat them more badly than they do French and Russian prisoners, because they hate England more than France or Russia. It is the only available outlet for that storm of hate against England which has swept Germany from end to end. It is the attitude of mind which makes the German press approve outrages like the sinking of the "Falaba" and its defenceless women and children, the torpedoing of hospital ships, and indiscriminate murder on the high seas—acts which an American writer has compared with the massacre of Cawnpore for savage ferocity.

There have been calls in this country for reprisals. The provocation is great, but they must be resisted. It is a natural impulse, indeed, for men who burn with indignation against the treatment of British prisoners in Germany to advocate "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth". But wisdom and honour lie not in that direction. Bacon spoke the last word on that controversy when he said that revenge—which he defined as a kind of wild justice—degrades him who invokes it to the level of his opponent. We must beware of imitating the German example, lest we sink to the German level. After all, we have had experience in these matters. In campaigns against savage peoples in other parts of the world, it has happened that Englishmen have been tortured, Englishwomen outraged and their children killed, before victory was won; but our troops and settlers have applied the Baconian principle. They have refrained from reprisals against Matabele and Zulu; they must equally refrain from reprisals against the Germans.

The Germans are ready for reprisals: they have already put some of our officers in prison because we have treated their submarine men differently from the ordinary prisoners of war. The German method does not commend itself to us: it does not make for efficient fighting, for the fighter who loses his temper is a beaten man. It is our business to break the German armies in the field, to destroy their power for offence and defence, to beat them to their knees and reduce them to a condition in which they will no longer be able to rule their neighbours. We shall not advance in that direction by counting the blankets at Donnington Hall or by reducing the food allowance at the concentration camps. It is our business to fight Germans in the field, not to hate them, and this on the whole Englishmen realise. They have kept their heads well through the last few months.

It is suggested that we should fight better if we hated the Germans after the German manner. We disagree entirely. They have allowed women and children from a torpedoed vessel to drown, and watched their last struggles as King Sipopo watched the struggling slaves who were thrown into the Zambesi for his amusement. Our sailors, who have respected non-combatants, have rescued German sailors from their sinking ships, even at some risk to themselves. Yet it will hardly be contended that the British Navy fights less efficiently than the German Navy because it upholds the honourable traditions of war. The Germans may have some things to teach us, but there are things we would rather not learn. Their amazing valour against the mercantile marine and their equally amazing discretion towards the Grand Fleet; their doctrine of frightfulness; their unbalanced hatred; and their brutality to prisoners—these things we can leave to our enemies.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 37) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

THE COST TO GERMANY OF THE OFFENSIVE.

THE dominant spirit which should pervade the German system of military training is forcibly expressed by Field-Marshal von der Goltz in his interesting work dealing with the nation in arms: "Our modern German mode of battle aims at being entirely a final struggle which we conceive of as being inseparable from an unsparing offensive. An offensive idea is tacitly at the root of theoretical speculation, and, for the most part, of all practice also. Temporising, waiting, and a calm defensive, are very unsympathetic to our nature. Our corps of officers are trained to spontaneous activity, to take the initiative, and to aim at positive successes. Everything with us is action. Our strength lies in great decisions upon the battlefield. In the year 1870 there were combined in the nature of the country as well as in the nature of our own forces and those of the enemy all the conditions precedent to such a mode of operations, and hence our brilliant successes. Whenever we meet with a similar state of things again, we shall, at all times, in the future also achieve more than if doomed to long waiting in the field and camp, or driven to drag on a resultless defensive".

The positions of the hostile lines on the theatres of war are the best evidence of the spirit which animated the German Forces at the outbreak of the contest. A superior war machine, worked by splendid driving power, with subordinates in whom the will to conquer was ever uppermost, has given the German armies a foothold which they will not lightly relinquish. Traditions of untarnished victory a half-century old have been lived up to, and the self-confidence of the soldier has been stimulated by the knowledge that no untimely parsimony has been allowed to give cause for shaking that confidence; for an abundance of the most perfect armaments of all kinds has been added to the equipments which science has evolved for the purposes of war. German leaders have realised that nothing is

more prone to weaken the battle spirit of the soldier than when he feels himself obliged from no fault of his own to succumb to a fire which he is unable to resist. He certainly has no ground for complaint upon this score.

It must be left to the future historian to unravel the mystery which has led to the growing paralysis of the German offensive. War is not an exact science, even in the hands of such professors of the art as are the Germans. Extravagant forms of battle tactics may prove to have been the grave of high strategy. It may be suggested that obstinacy and false pride, which declined to shake off in war the dense attack formations that obtained in peace training, will have proved to be the undoing of the whole fabric of German offensive. It was not so in 1870, for the initial heavy losses in the early battles in that war dictated the necessity of the employment of a looser nature of attack, and such were accepted as rules for subsequent combats. There was, however, a dissimilarity of length of service and training for the German soldier at that period that permitted latitude compared with what obtains in present days. When Germany, in order to increase the numbers in her Army, was induced to lower the term of service of the individual from three years with the colours to two years, she sacrificed, on the altar of battle, efficiency. She has paid and is paying the penalty. The shorter the period of training of the soldier the less opportunity is afforded for encouraging his individuality, and in consequence the more machine-like he becomes. The German leader is prone to mistrust his men should they be committed to dispersed or open formations for battle. He therefore herds them in dense masses shoulder to shoulder under his eye and within range of his voice. Modern weapons in trained hostile hands mow down these crowded ranks in veritable shambles. It is too late in the day in a period of war to alter now the practice of years of peace training, and especially so as the material that comes forward to fill depleted ranks is of so raw a nature. Von der Goltz insensibly has proved a prophet on this subject. "Forms of fighting", he says, "are also of great importance. By force of habit they enter into the flesh and blood of soldiers; and if they fail when used in serious earnest, they cause more despondency than ought to be permitted to such motives".

Not for one instant can we deny the splendid courage of the Germans. They have proved themselves magnificent fighters and worthy of a better handling. It is too late for them now to construct new methods for offensive, for even were such an idea to be entertained they have no instructors left that would be equal to the task. The German offensive is broken, says the French official review, and it seems to be justified in the conclusion arrived at. The cost in life to the Germans of that offensive, estimated up to 1 January 1915, has been carefully worked out by the French General Staff. The figures have been taken from officially published German lists and also from notes, books, and letters found on officers and men who have been killed, and from statements of prisoners of war. These numbers have been found to agree with what can be ascertained from the examination of the various effectives in German units. The returns cover a period of five months, and, while not including casualties from sickness, allow of a calculation for a proportion of wounded men who have been restored to the colours. The statement may be accepted as accurate, and, if anything, a little below the mark. The totals show a final loss of 1,300,000 men, or 260,000 per month, to the German armies operating in the two theatres of war. A more interesting return, however, subsequently published, has dealt with the German Officer Corps, and it is here that the sacrifice of life will not only tell in the further prosecution of the war, but will leave its mark upon the future political life of the nation. Of a total number of German effective officers on a peace footing of 52,805 a casualty list made up to 15 March shows a loss of no fewer than 31,276, of whom 9,925 were

killed. The loss in officers thus considerably exceeds half their effectives. It is important to realise what this depletion in the Officer Corps means to Germany. Ever since the days of the Great Frederick the Prussian has been taught that the existence of the nation as a factor among the Powers of Europe was dependent upon the genius for leadership which was accepted as being the dominant virtue of the Junker aristocracy. "By the Army I mean the officers", says the great Prussian king; and he took good care that the men who rallied round his standards were led by those of the best and bravest blood in his kingdom. The idea of a "nation in arms", fostered by the terms imposed upon Prussia after the defeat at Jena, increased the demand upon the German aristocracy for leaders to an amount that tended to absorb the entire number. In recent years, as the Army has periodically grown larger, the difficulty of an adequate supply of officers has become acute. The Junker or noble class, jealous of its privilege in the responsibility for finding the numbers of leaders for the Army, was adverse to the admission into the select corps of officers of men of a lower social grade, and in this idea they were supported by their War Lord. It is not improbable that during this war wiser counsels have prevailed and a fresh source has been tapped to find officers, but it is plain that, with the practical obliteration of the Officer Corps of the Junker class, a significant change will result in the future political stability of the Empire, for in the German Parliament this class was all-powerful.

It is fair to assume that in an Army recruited on a national basis, in whose ranks are serving "the union of talents, the inferior, the average, the consummate", material must exist in which can be found a plentiful supply of men with the spirit and soul of a leader. It is here that the German Army is so strong in a military sense. It has excellent N.C.O.'s, all splendid instructors and staunch disciplinarians. They are thoroughly professional, and have every reason so to be, for their future in life depends entirely upon their exertions while in the Army. The position of the ex-N.C.O. in civil life is assured to him by the State, and for him are reserved all the plums in the subordinate situations in various Government departments. It is really through the instrumentality of these splendid ex-N.C.O.'s that the national spirit of militarism is so strong. What a reservoir has Germany thus created from which to draw material for forming her new cadres! We have read of new formations, of divisions, of army corps, and of armies. We may rest assured that under the stern hands of these old servants of her Army the raw material will not be permitted to waste many hours while in training.

The responsibility of the undertaking of this war by Germany must fall upon the heads of her Junker class. They will not live to see peace, for they will have died to a man like heroes before that happy hour arrives. Will the new type of leader that must of necessity be found come from a caste that will infuse the raw material with the spirit that von der Goltz calls an "unsparing offensive", or will a stubborn, dogged defensive be all that is required of him? We ourselves threaten soon to reach the bottom layer of our own officer corps, though we have splendid material from which to draw if we only set to work on the right lines. To use those so-called "class corps" of public school battalions as fighting units is sheer madness. Nowhere in the world is such a mass of fine officer material to be found as in those units who for some whim of a commanding officer are kept daily toiling at the humdrum routine of life as a private when they should be mastering all the niceties of leadership. The efficiency of every army is determined by the efficiency of its corps of officers. We hope shortly to pass from the stage of the defensive in war to that of the offensive, and to put into line armies of the newly-raised formations. The depletion of officers in the first stage of this war has been at the rate of

some 700 a month. We should be unwise indeed if when we move to the offensive we were unprepared with a reservoir that should provide us with at least 14,000 officers per month. These figures sound alarming to a non-military people, but they are in no wise exaggerated. We are up against a courageous, stubborn foe, who will die to the last man ere the sacred soil of his fatherland is reached. It is better to look the matter square in the face. We now have to retrieve the penalty of unpreparedness by an unsparing offensive. You cannot have it both ways in war. The offensive is always the more costly procedure in war, however superior to the enemy may be your form of fighting. We shall profit by the lessons learnt from our adversaries, but economy of our soldiers' life-blood in the venture is in the hands of the British workpeople. It is for the very existence of these people that we are fighting, little as they realise it, while to the German people the heavy penalty of the offensive to the Officer Corps of its Army may in times to come prove a veritable blessing in disguise.

THE WESTERN THEATRE. REFERENCE MAP, "TIMES", 12 APRIL 1915.

The publication of the Despatch of Field-Marshal Sir John French of 5 April, which includes the story of many brilliant combats, is of especial interest in that it deals with the action of Neuve Chapelle. The straightforward soldier narrative which tells of the successes and disappointments which attended that combat furnishes a guide to future victory to our arms. The delicate machinery for battle, we learn, can be thrown out of gear by the smallest of accidents, and the punishment due to a check is proportionate to the length of the delay demanded. The story is full of teachings, which will be dealt with later, but the main lesson is one that points to the successful issue of this gigantic struggle being entirely dependent upon the soul of the people behind it. The splendid spirit of our men at the Front will fade into a phantom unless fostered by the fibre of our men and women workers in the Motherland. The further sacrifice of our fighters in Flanders lies on the heads of our people at home. We are resolved to win in this struggle, but we are still far from putting the word into a deed. England and her Allies must fight to a finish this "war for the sake of peace".

The French communiqués which we periodically receive have lately been of unusual interest, and should be followed step by step. The operations which have been permitted by the Allied commander serve the double purpose of pinning his adversary to the Western theatre, and further have been rewarded by the "pinching" of various hostile salient points thrust into the Allied defence, thereby shortening the whole general line and releasing troops for use elsewhere. There is little reason to fear that the Allied commander will permit his armies to enter upon the third stage of the operations until he is assured that all the actors in the forthcoming drama are battleproof and equipped to the last cartridge for the desperate and prolonged struggle that lies before them. Few people recognise what this means in preparation. Neuve Chapelle laid bare how heavy are the demands for war material when a determined fight is in full swing. It will probably be found that in that short action of three days' duration it entailed an expenditure of gun ammunition in excess of that fired in the three years' contest in South Africa. Further, it will be as well to "blood" our own new armies ere they are started in this struggle. That they are keen for the venture we know too well, but that with all their ardour they are denied by fellow-men the opportunity they look forward to we also know too well. How pitiful to contrast the glowing patriotism of the working population of our adversaries and of our Allies with the indifference of a section of our own masses.

The coming of spring has allowed of some successful sparring on the Woëvre plain by our French Allies. The hostile wedge that was projected in the early stage

of the campaign in the neighbourhood of St. Mihiel has proved a veritable sore in the side of the Allied defence. Whether it was the intention of the Germans merely to envelop the fortress of Verdun and capture it or to prolong the thrust so as to roll up the French defence of the Champagne and thus release the avalanche that was to burst through from Compiègne and swamp the French capital, cannot now be decided. The wedge at St. Mihiel as now presented in a salient form suggests to the local French commander an interesting form of objective. A piece of masterly minor strategy at this point in the Allied line offers the opportunity of making a grand coup which, if successful, may present to the Allied commander one opening for the grand strategy that is to free both France and Belgium from the invader. For the present much interest centres near the Woëvre plain.

THE CARPATHIANS.

The Austrian official map can alone explain the difficulties attendant on this mountain campaign. The struggle in the Carpathians is the focus of interest in the Eastern theatre. Indeed, it may prove of vital importance to the duration of the general war. The military picture of two combatants on a front of 70 miles so manœuvring as to attempt to turn the flank of the opponent was presented in Manchuria, and the Russians should know how to deal with a like problem. The Balkan Campaign of 1877 affords a somewhat similar illustration. These operations are necessarily slow in procedure. That a stiffening of German troops has been thrown into the venture we may be certain. It cannot be denied that after the fall of Przemyśl we were prepared for witnessing more rapid movements elsewhere by our Ally, but it says much for the recuperative powers of the Austro-Hungarian armies that they have been able to put up so stubborn a defence of the mountain passes. When Germans come upon the scene they bring their own precepts of war and prove that the offensive is the best form of defence. Snow will regulate the pace of both armies for some days to come. The possession of either the Dukla or the Lupkow pass in the Western Carpathians by the Russians will mean the capture of both; but until the southern foot of each pass is reached no lateral movement of large forces can take place that will cut off the communication of the Austrian offensive into Eastern Galicia, although many second and third class roads are shown on the map traversing the slopes and valleys that would afford means of hill fighting to lesser bodies. The towns of Homonna, Ungvar and Munkács on the southern foothills seal the exits of the passes of Uzsok and Beskid and the roads leading into the broad, flat plains of Hungary. The battles of the passes will occupy the Staff of two armies for many weeks only on the supposition that the Grand Duke is not in a position to prosecute his offensive in a direction which is imperative for his main plan. Germany will dictate to her Ally the line of movement of all her armies when Cracow again hears the thunder of the Russian guns. Thus will Galicia be freed of the enemy.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

IS WAR NECESSARY TO SOCIAL PROGRESS?

By WALTER SHAW SPARROW.

I.

MODERNISTS burk this question, and a seraph from the Norman Angell choir recently deplored the fact that John Ruskin lectured and wrote in praise of war and in condemnation of peace.

Ruskin loved fighting for its own sake, and one by one he attacked many shibboleths and social evils; he grows in stature as we travel away from the customs and fashions of his age. Artists have begun to rediscover his value as a wayward teacher of æsthetic history; his was a brave attack on the Ironside political economists; his views on industrialism have been con-

firmed by the rapid increase of physical degeneracy among the striking classes and the substitution of a wages-land for a native homeland; and his lecture on War, delivered in 1865 before the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, then published in "The Crown of Wild Olive", keeps its place among the few good things which have been written on this theme.

Many other modern writers on the social aspects and consequences of war have been sentimental and dishonest, like the Quaker Jonathan Dymond, who not only omits all reference to the social phases of strife that wound and maim and kill, but misreads the Gospels, where not a word is said about the relations of one State to another in the crises produced by rival faiths, ideals, and self-interests. When Christ went to Jerusalem for the last time, he set an example of loyalty to ideals that belongs for ever to the Diviner self in human nature; let it lead to victory in death, to death in victory, it is essential always to the brief seasons of our perishable days; and it is essentially the antithesis of peace, which is a spiritual neuter, not a spiritual conquest over evils. To conquer in civil life is to make war; for social effort never conquers without investing health and lives in dangerous action. Whether we sacrifice sailors to the sea, or colliers to mine explosions, or missionaries to bad climates, or physicians and nurses to long contests against epidemics, or artisans to perilous trades, or troops to battles, we make war, and bury the illusion called peace under the work we do as a nation.

In one important respect Ruskin remained a child of his peace-prattling age: he never felt at ease with the dread truths concerning peace and war that he gathered from history and experience; gusts of sentimental emotion troubled him in the midst of his argument, and, after following a line of honest thought to its end, his mind wobbled, vacillated, and raised a cloud of iridescent sentiments to obscure facts that throbbed with pain. Thinkers of our time have paid heavily for their modernised nerves. Compare J. A. Cramb's views on war with those of Ruskin, and note the difference between a thinker whose modernised nerves are controlled, and a thinker, not less honest, who states, then fears and evades, rough truths that hurt his feelings. Ruskin says:

"It is an assured truth that, whenever the faculties of men are at their fullness, they *must* express themselves by art; and to say that a state is without such expression is to say that it is sunk from its proper level of manly nature. So that, when I tell you that war is the foundation of all the arts, I mean also that it is the foundation of all the high virtues and faculties of men. It was very strange to me to discover this; and very dreadful—but I saw it to be quite an undeniable fact. The common notion that peace and the virtues of civil life flourished together I found to be wholly untenable. Peace and the *vices* of civil life only flourish together. We talk of peace and learning, and of peace and plenty, and of peace and civilisation; but I found that those were not the words which the Muse of History coupled together: that, on her lips, the words were—peace and sensuality, peace and selfishness, peace and corruption, peace and death. I found, in brief, that all great nations learned their truth of word, and strength of thought, in war; that they were nourished in war, and wasted by peace; taught by war, and deceived by peace; trained by war, and betrayed by peace: in a word, that they were born in war and expired in peace."

Casual readers think that this passage is a plain and direct "message". Yet it is full of devious and uncertain thought; it proves that Ruskin travels along the surface of history, instead of trying to grapple with the great central problems governing a correct attitude to peace and war. In the first place, he is the slave of custom and convention, for he accepts the word "peace" unquestioningly, as if it could or should denote a social condition free from any violence to human health and to human lives. Self-evidently, if peace goes with sensuality and selfishness, with corruption and death, then the word "peace" must be

a synonym for the disintegration and decay that gradually end nations; it puts a name on many civic phases of disastrous war. Lord Morley has said, no doubt with truth, that moral and intellectual nerve are impaired very much by material prosperity, by a flood tide of high profits and a roaring trade. The effect of many possessions, especially if they be newly acquired, has always slackened the moral fibre of a people; and when Ruskin talks about peace he means nothing more than this depraving material prosperity, which is greatly aided by a long absence of military and naval strife. For in the presence of these greater wars nations must either rise or fall, must either employ the highest qualities in human nature or submit to rapid and decisive defeat. If Ruskin instead of the false word "peace" had employed the truthful words "excessive material prosperity", his lecture on war would have been kept free from much false reasoning.

II.

Ruskin fails somehow to note that peace among men never has existed, partly because every phase of human enterprise has claimed and taken its battle-toll of casualties, and partly because organic life everywhere has fed on organic lives. Some living thing has died, then suffered a resurrection of vitality whenever appeared hunger has renewed the health of an organism. Nourishment, then, like gestation or like birth, belongs to the mystery of strife, to the very complex genius of war; and so it is pitiful nonsense to talk of peace in a world where strife is multitudinous, and where the evolution of every species has owed its all to a great many differing phases of strife, ranging from love and self-sacrifice to fierce brute hunger. If civilised women, for example, were not warriors bred and born from all the ages of courage and of pain and woe, how could they bear the glorious agonies of maternity? Babies are battles won, and childhood is a campaign against heredity, against social environments, often against the war of abject poverty, and always against the physical wars produced by micro-organisms. Not an hour free from danger comes to any child in its tenderest years. And when we turn from this fact to the enormous casualties of ordinary bread-winning, both in trades and in professions—casualties which all life insurance offices have to revise periodically in their scientific business—we come to a great principle, namely, that to live is to make various and incessant war. Like the body and its organs, the inborn fighting gifts of mankind for ever fight in some way or other, as we know by studying the contests and crises of industrialism. Finance has less chivalry than a berserker soldier: it is a routine of merciless egotism, and no one dares to write a detailed history of its acts and results.

But at this point a great difficulty arises. The tremendous casualties of "peace" are scattered and so familiar that we pay but little attention to their effects. Slums are not recognised as hereditary wars against human worth that go on from age to age; the rescue of little children from cruelty is not praised enough as a noble continuous war against crime; and no other opposition to devastating civil strife, though chronicled by the Board of Trade or advertised in the annual reports of charitable societies, strikes enough awe into our minds. On the other hand, military wars impress us by their uncommon events, and their worst effects gather together their casualties into vast numbers that every newspaper repeats and that every mind can understand with an alarm that grows. We see them in focus; we forget the equal horrors of "peace". Even the soldierly spirit of Carlyle, devoted to battle scenes, was overcome at times by the thronged graves and hospitals in naval and military war; and to be overcome by life's tragedy is to think feebly and at random during a defeat. Carlyle's tale of the thirty men of Dumdrudge implies that military war is the only social strife that can rob a British village of strong sons. And Ruskin, even more than Carlyle, was scared by a vivid picture of the assembled

casualties of modern military war; and, instead of holding to the simple necessary creed that strife of every sort and condition must be improved everywhere, he knew not, at the end of his lecture, what his attitude to peace and war had become. He wanted both to exist, yet he feared and hated both because of their painful evils. What he desired was a chivalric war that the modern world could not possibly give to him, unless it put an end to scientific advance in armaments and returned to the warfare that directed the Crusaders or to the beautiful ceremonies of Spartan battles. If human nature cancelled from her actions all the phases of military enterprise, of which Ruskin has nothing but bad things to say, she would find it extremely difficult to save herself from the creeping viciousness which has always accompanied great material prosperity—to the horror of Ruskin.

Peasants must be spared from the defence of their native land, for example. There is no virtue in the great game of war when it is played "with a multitude of small human pawns". "A goodly struggle in the Olympic dust, though it be the dust of the grave, the gods will look upon, and be with you in; but they will not be with you if you . . . urge your peasant millions into gladiatorial war". So Ruskin declined to see any good whatever in the American conflict between North and South or in the French wars under the great Napoleon. Yet Hugo, Dumas, Delacroix, Balzac, and many others belonged to the same national spirit that the genius of Napoleon enlisted and employed. Yes, and at this moment Napoleon stands behind Joffre and inspires every French soldier.

III.

The short of the matter is this: from first to last two fallacies cling to Ruskin's mind. The first of these we have studied—his conventional attitude towards the misused word "peace"; and the second is his belief that war is the "foundation" of all great art and thought. History and experience tell him that no great art ever yet rose on earth but among a nation of soldiers; that there is no great art possible to a nation but that which is based on battle; that in his time the arts remain in partial practice only among races who, like the French and ourselves, have still the minds of soldiers, though we cannot all live military lives. From these facts Ruskin leaps to the conclusion that the relation of noble war and great art is one of cause and effect, whereas it is no such thing. Both arise from an awakened greatness in a people, and both are dependent on those inborn gifts for fighting which mankind has preserved through all the innumerable ages of combative history, social, moral, religious, intellectual, intertribal, and international. Delete from our national character these old fighting gifts and the British Empire would fall into fragments and our social life would be invertebrate and useless. Good and evil alike depend on their motive-power; and when a noble cause sends them forth into great and necessary battles, a whole nation rises with them into greatness, like the Greeks before and after Marathon, or like that inspiration of the Crusades which became also the inspiration of Christian art and poetry, or like that wonderful ferment in the soul of England which ennobled every phase of Elizabethan enterprise, even the old mariners discovering a speech as fine as any poetry as yet inspired in England by the present essential war. Here is a battle-cry from Sir Humphrey Gilbert (1539-83):

"Give me leave therefore without offence always to live and die in this mind: that he is not worthy to live at all that for fear or danger of death shunneth his country's service and his own honour; seeing that death is inevitable and the fame of virtue immortal".

It is as beautiful in courage as the best Greek patriotism: "How fortunate are the dead who have fallen in battle! And how fortunate are you to whom sorrow comes in so glorious a shape!"

To embrace a noble war when it belongs to the strife of rival ideals is to help to reawaken the national

genius for true greatness; but too many modernists in their heart of hearts are weak and sentimental, which explains why most of our poets and writers encounter this war in a temper of wistful reluctance completely at variance with martial courage and fortitude and honour. They are eager for the war to end, so that they may return in quietness to their beloved delusions about peace. They fail to see that every great war admonishes the human mind, whose freedom in a world of natural discipline has a great many perils of its own. It is free to progress or to retrogress, free to repeat the same old bad follies over and over again. No monkey would burn its hand twice on a red-hot stove; but the human mind, once possessed by the delusion of peace, will burn its foolish hopes a thousand times and more in the fires of invited war. Our pacifists do no penance for their stimulating effects on the greed of Germany. At this moment they are as active as ever, but silently, covertly, stealthily. They need the tonic of waves and winds. As compulsory fishermen in the North Sea, they would discover a gospel of gallant action wedded to perilous duty: and soon they would learn that human nature knows but one peace, the inward rest and ease that the thorough doing of brave work alone produces. It was this contentment that soothed the dying Nelson: "Thank God, I have done my duty!"

Ruskin told his countrymen in 1865 that England had recently fouled her reputation by fighting in wars for gain and by shrinking with fear from wars of honour and of protective chivalry. To protect and to reclaim are the missions of war; and there are conditions of civil degeneracy which martial discipline alone can arrest. And let us note that Ruskin's fear of "peace" resembles the scorn that Shakespeare puts into the mouth of the First Servant in "Coriolanus": "Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far as day does night: it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled, deaf, sleep, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men. Ay, and it makes men hate one another".

ANARCHY BETTER THAN CULTURE: MATTHEW ARNOLD'S REPENTANCE.

Dear Sir,—As an old contributor I write to tell you what I am sure will gratify you, that the SATURDAY REVIEW reaches me regularly in the Elysian Fields—not of course on that charming promenade where (under the pretence of writing a report on French Education for the Whitehall Philistines) I used to see Parisian life in my salad days, but these tiresome laws up and down which Carlyle and George Eliot and I saunter listlessly, and yawn in one another's faces. Someone also sends me the "Daily Telegraph", possibly out of gratitude for the way in which I used to puff that journal and its delicate style in the old days. Alas! Good old Sala is gone; but my old friend Levi Lawson is still there, though how changed from the Hector of the seventies! He and his sons have become members of the barbarian upper class, and his young lions no longer roar every morning in middle-class Macaulayese. Even you, Mr. Editor, are changed a little: I miss, somehow, the vindictive swish of your Saturday cane: and I notice that you no longer describe those who differ from you as "great fools". Perhaps something that I once wrote about the brutality of English journalism may have sunk into your spirit.

But my object in taking up my pen in these distant regions, where it always seems afternoon, is to make a return upon myself. You remember that I once wrote that Burke's return upon himself, just before he died, when the French Revolution had run its course, was "one of the finest things in English literature". I wish to make a return upon myself. I want to take back all the fine and flippant things I once wrote about the Philistine middle class, and the culture of the

Germans. I have been reading all about this terrible war, and I find that my old enemies, the Philistines, have behaved splendidly. The young men of the middle class have shown that they can fight just as bravely as the barbarian upper class, and they have left their comfortable homes in Streatham and Hampstead with a cheerful alacrity that quite lifts off the reproach of Puritanism. Indeed, I gather from the fashionable intelligence that they have shed their Puritanism as well, and that their lives are no longer dreary and narrow as they were when I was on earth. Poor Bottles of Reigate who, when I knew him, was obsessed with the idea of burying his first wife in consecrated ground and of marrying her sister, has of course joined the majority, though I have not met him here. But his grandson, I learn, is a captain in Kitchener's Army, and reckons not of Reigate and dissenters. As for the compatriots of Arminius von Thunderten Tronck, what a mistake I made! I have read about Rheims Cathedral, and the Louvain Library, and the convent supper in Belgium, viler than "the mulberry-faced dictator's orgies", and worse, far "worse than aught they fable of the quiet gods". You know that strong language is not my line; but I cannot think what I was about when I praised the German education or wrote about "Geist", and the earnestness that goes to the root of things, and sweetness and light. I have read about the German officer spitting in your Colonel Vandeleur's face, and ordering one of his soldiers to kick him into a waggon of dung. I must have been hypnotised by that young rascal Arminius, or Hermann, to give him his real name. I admit that I mistook regimentation for culture: or at least if the Germans are cultured, I prefer anarchy to culture. In my own defence, however, I should like to say that when I wrote about Goethe and Heine, I was writing of the old, simple, frugal Germany of the 'thirties and 'forties, long before it had been bestialised by the French war indemnity and the present Emperor.

Talking of the Franco-Prussian War, I met old Thomas Carlyle only yesterday. You know that levity was always my foible—only I called it "insouciance". I could not really resist the temptation to "chip" poor old Tom about his famous letter to "The Times" in 1870; and I own that I was malicious enough to quote the last sentence: "That noble, patient, deep, pious, and solid Germany should at length be welded into a nation, and become Queen of the Continent, instead of vapouring, vainglorious, gesticulating, quarrelsome, restless, and over-sensitive France, seems to me the hopefulest public fact that has occurred in my time". I am afraid that I asked Tom what he thought of his Queen now. The old man was wearing his weary Titan look, and moaned out, "Wae's me! Wae's me! Poor Jeannie was always against the Gairmans". I will leave it at that, as Tom declared that he would write to you himself anent that noble, patient, deep, pious, and solid Germany, and her Queenship of the Continent.

Believe me to be, dear Mr. Editor,

Your repentant contributor,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The Elysian Fields.

"ON ACCOUNT OF ILL-HEALTH."

YOU go, brave friends, and I am cast to stay behind,

To read with frowning eyes and discontented mind
The shining history that you are gone to make,
To sleep with working brain, to dream and then to wake

Into another day of most ignoble peace,
To drowse, to read, to smoke, to pray that war may cease.

The spring is coming on and with the spring you go
In countries where strange scents on the April breezes blow;

You'll see the primroses marched down into the mud,
You'll see the hawthorn tree wear crimson flowers of blood.

And I shall walk about, as I did walk of old,
Where the laburnum sweeps its chains of useless gold;
I'll break a branch of may, I'll pick a violet
And see the new-born flowers that soldiers must forget;

I'll laugh, I'll love, I'll dream and write undying songs,

But with your regiment my marching soul belongs.
Men that have marched with me and men that I have led

Shall know and feel the things that I have only read,
Shall know what thing it is to sleep beneath the skies
And to expect their death what time the sun shall rise.
Men that have marched with me shall march to peace again

Bringing for plunder home glad memories of pain,
Of toils endured and done, of terrors quite brought under

And all the world shall be their plaything and their wonder.

Then in that new-born world, unfriendly and estranged,

I shall be quite alone, I shall be left unchanged.

FAME AND DEATH.

BY A. STODART WALKER.

I THOUGHT my boy was just a ray of light,
A sunbeam where I trod,
A careless imp, a gay, illusive sprite,
His feet with rapture shod;
Until he went for country and for right
And fought his way to God.

No high ambition leapt within his breast;
He laughed at thought of fame;
He merely tried to do his very best;
He had to play the game;
And when the game was duty's stern behest,
He played and found a name.

His words were few, "Of course I'll have to go",
I could not say him nay;
A heart as light as his could never know
The anguish of that day;
He seemed to run to meet the cruel foe,
Just as he ran to play.

Methinks Death plucked him as a dainty flower,
Fit for his bride so fair;
And seeking Fame within her sacred bower,
He twined it in her hair,
And in return Fame gave to Death as dower
A smile so debonair.

And so I dare not grudge the gift he gave,
Who earned such joy as this;
When sorrow breaketh o'er me like a wave,
This be the mother's bliss,
That when they laid him in a soldier's grave
Fame gave to Death a kiss.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A POLICY OF THOROUGH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3, Montagu Square, W.,

13 April 1915.

SIR,—Why do our rulers hesitate to establish universal service until this devastating and brutal war is over? That is a question that nobody except a party politician could attempt to answer or justify. We know we want all the men we can get and more, and yet we fail to adopt the only means to obtain them. Even after the rather undignified plan of placarding walls, scaffoldings, public buildings, vehicles, etc., with earnest requests to the men of England to fight for the King, the country remains full of shirkers and loafers at street corners, in public-houses, country lanes, etc. All able-bodied footmen, shop assistants, and those people who can be easily replaced by women should be taken first, and universal service is the only way to get at them.

When this war is over—and it can only end in one way, unless our Empire is to be broken up and our country invaded by the Red Indians of Central Europe—does any sane person suppose that the barbarians of the twentieth century, who have been the blood-and-iron brigands of Europe since the dawn of history, will not begin once more to plot amongst, and against, their neighbours, and especially against our country? They will once more lend some of us money, eat our salt, live in our houses, and betray us all the time.

Shall we, after the war is over, return to our supine military position? It is unthinkable, and Bedlam would be the only suitable place for a Government who should propose it.

In spite of the information which our rulers had, or should have had, of the preparation of Germany for war, and the uneasiness of one of the principal members of the Government on his return from Berlin in 1912, what would have been our position now, under the voluntary system, but for the brave Belgians and their magnificent defence of Liège and for the rapid departure and concentration of our fleet?

Never can the British Empire run the same risk again; so let us begin at once with universal service.

Your obedient servant,

JAMES BRUCE, Admiral.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7, Beaumont Street, W.,

14 April 1915.

SIR,—The writer of the letter signed "Voluntary Service" in to-night's "Westminster Gazette" attempts to convict the SATURDAY REVIEW—"the organ of the conscriptionists"—out of its own mouth—and to his own evident satisfaction—of inconsistency! But he thinks nothing, incidentally, of begging the whole question by submitting "that, as regards enlistment, it is 'only a minority', and a very small minority, that hangs back".

"Voluntary Service" is apparently a reader of the SATURDAY REVIEW. He should therefore be aware that a recent careful calculation in that journal established the fact that, after due allowance had been made for all possible deductions, the number of men of military age in this country still unenlisted was about 3,000,000! Is that his idea of "a very small minority"?

Again, even if it be admitted that the still unenlisted men do form a minority—however large—of the nation's manhood, the admission only makes the consistency of the SATURDAY REVIEW all the more apparent. For, just as it advocates legislation on the drink question directed only against "the minority which has to be considered", so it advocates legislation on the question of the supply of men for the front, directed only against the "minority that hangs back".

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

T. A. CREGAN, Colonel.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

35, Roeland Street, Capetown,

19 March.

SIR,—All thoughtful men must agree with your laying stress on the importance of at once getting as many men as possible in the fighting line, and thus terminating as soon as possible this war. Many seem inclined to think that it doesn't much matter how long we are over it, provided we win in the end; but this is a fatal idea. At present the Germans can do us comparatively little harm by their submarine menace, as they have so few of them; but in the course of another year they could, and certainly will, build many more, and then the danger to our trade would be immense; so that clearly the essential thing for us is to conquer them at the earliest possible moment, before they have time to make up for their fortunate past neglect in building submarines; and, having conquered them, we can ensure that for at least another 100 years they shall not be in a position to contravene all the laws of God and man, warfare, and civilisation, in the shameless way they are now doing. We are at a crisis when we need to strain every nerve and sinew to win, and any idea that we can take matters comparatively easy may prove fatal to us as an Empire. Hence I trust your articles will have a great influence in opening men's eyes to the vast importance of training every eligible man.

Yours faithfully,

THEODORE B. BLATHWATT.

THE DRINK QUESTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Westcliff-on-Sea,

10 April 1915.

SIR,—I do not think prohibition at all necessary, neither do I think there is any need for public-houses to be labelled like a doctor's surgery, "hours ten till twelve and seven till nine".

The publican is all right. It is the stuff he sells and the conditions under which he sells it that are wrong. What is beer? What is whisky? What is tincture of rhubarb? Not many people can answer the first two questions; but we can all answer the last. The Government have fixed a standard for that innocent preparation known as tincture of rhubarb, and we have only to look in the British Pharmacopœia and we find full particulars of the method of manufacture, percentage of alcohol it contains, and all other details. Now if the Government are able to look after the chemist and fix a standard for almost everything he sells, can they not at this eleventh hour fix a standard for the articles made by the brewers and distillers? Why not have a "Brewers' Official Recipe Book" and a "Distillers' Official Recipe Book"?

There need not be one formula only for beer or whisky; there might be a dozen or twenty alternative formulæ; but, whatever the formula, the beer according to which it was made should be labelled. The label might be something like the following: "This beer is guaranteed brewed according to formula No. 1, Brewers' Official Recipe Book, 1915."

Let the Government get out some formulæ, and let beer be brewed from malt and hops, the alcoholic strength to be about 3 per cent. Such beer would not make the workers muddle-headed; it would be a useful tonic and would help them in their work. I well remember living in the country when a boy and seeing men start away in the morning for the harvest-field with a gallon of such beer as I have described, and coming home perfectly sober in the evening after having done a heavy day's work; for it was in the days when harvesting machines were not much used and when men used to mow all day. Any man who has used a scythe knows that there is no harder work than mowing.

The brewers may argue that the public do not to-day like such beers. But have the people had the opportunity

of tasting such beers lately? With few exceptions I think not. With regard to whisky, the distillers should have an official recipe book, in the same way that I have indicated for the brewers. The whiskies already on the market could be sold providing the distillers submitted the formulæ of these, in confidence, to the Government. If the Government approved they could give a permit for their sale; but if there was anything in the formula to which they took exception, then they could ask the distiller to modify the formula before granting their permit.

I am, yours, etc.,

G. H. SAUNDERS.

"BRITAIN" OR "ENGLAND"?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

29 March 1915.

SIR,—You were good enough to publish last week my letter on this subject, and in this week's issue I observe Mr. Howard Ruff, of the St. George Society, takes exception to some of my ideas. I should like to reply, if I may. First, let me say that I rejoice in the existence of the Society of St. George, and I hope branches may establish themselves all over the world. I wish the same for the St. Andrew Society and for St. David and St. Patrick Societies, if there are any. There cannot be good Imperial patriotism without good local patriotism. Let each nationality and every village and town and county blow its own trumpet as loudly as it can, so shall our lungs be all the stronger to blow the Imperial bugle. But we must not become wholly local. Mr. Ruff says very definitely: "There never was a British race". I do not contend that there was in the sense that there is a Mongol or a Basque race; but, oddly enough, in your Saturday's issue, Bishop Frodsham, in reviewing a book on English place names, uses the term British race, and well he may, for he is mentioning such facts as that Lincoln's name is Celtic, but that Lincolnshire blood is almost purely Danish—that other parts are largely Celtic, and so forth. The British Isles is a term of immemorial usage. I contend that it is fair to speak of the people of these Isles as the British race. I also contend that British is the larger and more inclusive term and fitter for the Empire.

I object most strongly to the assumption that the Saxon element in England is so large. German professors have reiterated it and Englishmen have taken these statements as additional confirmation of an idea which is largely legendary.

Every second newspaper just now has tales of German white flags going up as our men rush for their trenches, and cries of: "Mercy, mercy, we are Saxons, you are Anglo-Saxons". Not even the most scurrilous German rag has dared to suggest a British converse of these tales. Why? How is it our fellows do not do such things? Has English air bred trickery, and of the blood? Not at all. We are not Saxons, though there is certainly a Saxon strain; but we are Norsemen—Danes, Normans, and Celts intermingled—and we may well be proud of the blood.

Mr. Ruff says we English have been too generous. Does he wish Scots, Welsh, and Irish to do no work in the Empire at all? If a Scot is Chancellor or Archbishop, it is to be presumed he is so because of fitness. He may be the best of a poor lot of candidates, but no clannishness will get him these posts. Asquith, Crewe, Harcourt, Churchill, Grey, and McKenna are all English. Lloyd George is Welsh. They do not form a body for pushing incompetent Scots into sinecures.

Is it not odd that the strain of Royal Saxon blood in our Royal House only comes through Scotland—from Malcolm Canmore's marriage with Margaret Aetheling?

The Charter of English liberty was forced from a Norman-French speaking King by Norman-French Barons. De Moreville, their leader, was also a vassal of the King of Scots, for great lands in Scotland, and at his entreaty Alexander II. marched an army south to Dover to enforce the demand for Magna Charta. The Lothians and Northumbria were peopled by Angles, Danes, Normans, and Celts.

They were only typical of the rest of the country. These form the British race. I am an Englishman, but I am also a Briton and proud of it.

Yours,

BENJAMIN TOMLINSON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Little Britain is *not* Ireland, but Brittany. Therefore the "correct" designation which our North British are so anxious to foist upon us is "Great British and Irish". If they want their scrap of paper, there it is!

I am, Sir,

C. R. H.

ENGLISH FLAGS IN THE ROYAL NAVY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

73, Cranbrook Road, Chiswick Lane, W.,

12 April 1915.

SIR,—The letter of Mr. John Alex. Stewart in your last issue displays an utter disregard for both the traditions of the Navy and the feelings of patriotic Englishmen. The St. George's Cross flown on the ships of our Fleet is, in the words of a Scottish poet, who wrote with a retrospect of English sea history in his mind's eye, "the meteor flag of England," that "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze". It was the flag that flew at Sluis; the flag that Cabot took to Newfoundland; the flag under which Drake sailed round the world; and the flag with which the Elizabethan sea-kings went forth into the unknown oceans, centuries before a Scottish vessel had gone without the narrow seas. The suggestion that it should be removed is tantamount to stating that the magnificent deeds it symbolises should be cast into oblivion, simply because Scotland now furnishes something less than ten per cent. of the *personnel* of the Navy. It is the one thing that, after the lapse of ages, would still enable an English warship to be recognised by Chancellor, Howard, Raleigh, Drake, Grenville, Hawkins, Davis, Frobisher, Gilbert, Penn, and Blake, did these sea-dogs of old come to life again and see the Fleet which to-day guards the guerdon they won for us.

If Mr. Stewart be so desirous of discarding the things that are English, I would say pertinently let him first abandon his English speech, his English name, which his English forefathers took into Scotland, the first English colony, with them, ere he suggest that our Navy—English, British, or whatever it may be—abandon the glorious St. George's Cross, flying as it is to-day on the battle grounds of the old English sea-kings.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES WHITE.

"MINISTERIAL INEPTITUDE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Oxford.

SIR,—Sir Edward Grey, on 23 March, says: "We know now that the German Government had prepared for war as only peoples who plan can prepare", and "X", in the SATURDAY REVIEW, charges the Cabinet with "ministerial ineptitude". I have listened to speeches like this many times, and from the point of view from which he regards the matter undoubtedly such it does appear; but "X" is wrong, because he is ignoring the most fundamental of all considerations—viz., that the British Empire is governed on the principles of self-government. When the present Government was elected in 1906 they were elected to do a definite piece of business; and "X" cannot deny that they have been carrying out that to the best of their ability. I am not going to say that everything they have done is deserving of "X's" approval. I have myself actually

made a speech in Manchester College, Oxford, after (a long way after) Canon Scott Holland, under the chairmanship of Professor Gilbert Murray, sticking up for Lord Roberts's National Service League, and although Manchester is hardly Imperial, and Professor Murray does not believe in force, still I am of opinion that Lord Roberts was right. But Cabinet Ministers were not elected to found an army equal to Germany and it certainly is no case of ministerial ineptitude that they should have stuck to the principles which common sense would tell them they ought to stick to. Until the Government have been defeated they will certainly not alter their point of view. Yours faithfully,

HENRY PASH.

PRUSSIA IN 1757.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

SIR,—Carlyle's "Friedrich" is very interesting and instructive reading in these days.

May I give one quotation from Friedrich's famed "Epistle to Wilhelmina", his sister—called by Smelfungus his "Lamentation Psalms"—dated 24 August 1757, partly in prose, partly in verse:

"Discord, addressing the European Kings, says:
"How long will you be slaves to what are called laws?
Is it for you to bend under worn-out notions of justice,
right? Mars is the one God: Might is Right. A King's
business is to do something famous in this world". Book
xviii., ch. vii.

What a strange way history has of repeating itself! In Friedrich's time all Europe was leagued against him—Austria, France, Saxony, Sweden, Russia, bent on partitioning and destroying Prussia; England alone his friend. And in the darkest days of all—1757—when he had fully determined to throw away his life in despair, England and Pitt saved him.

To-day we are reaping our reward, I suppose; the usual gratitude of the world!

But in those times Prussia had the right on her side, according to Carlyle, and Europe was in the wrong—just the opposite of the case to-day—and right won in the end, as it always must do.

Yours, etc.,

A. K. VENNING.

UNDERSTANDING AND FAITH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Royal Societies Club,

St. James's Street, S.W.

SIR,—Canon Douglas Macleane's article, lately in the SATURDAY REVIEW, on Modern English Theology, comprising a scholarly review of three theological treatises, reminded me somewhat forcibly of the necessity of taking to heart Matthew Arnold's counsel—to go back to the fountain-head of Christianity in order to ascertain what is the original doctrine. Casting a bird's-eye view over the actual condition of the modern world, so far as its relation to creed and dogma is concerned, what does one see? To say the very least, confusion of opinion and open revolt against long-cherished ideals. Roman Catholicism made a bold and determined stand against what was erroneously termed "Modernism". I say "erroneously termed" for the simple reason that the tendency is quite as much ancient as modern, being included in the actual Christian doctrine itself. The Papal pronouncement against "Modernism" is straightforward and uncompromising, and for that very reason must command respect. Whether it is in actual accord with Christianity is another matter. The same pronouncement is clearly visible in Canon Macleane's article, but disguised, veiled, refined—in a word, Anglicanised. Instead of fulminating against "Modernism", Canon Macleane contents

himself with warning that "theological professors and episcopal chaplains have been especially active of late in the throwing down of all fences of belief".

Probe deeply enough into theological discussions, and you will find that the battle is invariably waged round the terms "Belief" and "Faith". Every sect demands "belief" as the fundamental principle of discipleship, tacitly assuming that its own particular interpretation of "belief" is the only correct one. "He that believeth not shall be damned". Invariably the first question when discussing, let us say, Christianity, is "Do you believe?"

Now this is, to use an expressive phrase which everyone will readily grasp, putting the cart before the horse. Christ laid more stress upon "understanding" than upon "faith". Repeatedly He demands understanding on the part of both disciples and ordinary listeners, and frequently rebukes them for lack of understanding. What does "understanding" imply? The capacity of receiving explanation, of reasoning, of arguing, of discussing—in a word, of investigating facts and laws of the natural world, and of interpreting them mentally.

From this standpoint "belief" is not only not called for, but is to be expressly condemned as unworthy of a balanced intellect. All teaching comes under this category—investigation in a calm and unprejudiced manner; in other words, scientific discovery. To believe a statement which may be fallacious is a sure sign of an undeveloped mind; and to claim that Christ and Christianity demand belief in something fallacious is the mistake which has been made by the world of theology. Are we not enjoined to worship God in Spirit and in Truth? Quite so, but "truth" is so and so.

That is the fallacy of every theological treatise. That is the fatal point in every religious system, with the exception of the real Christian doctrine which differentiates between the spiritual and the mental in a manner which, once grasped, gives the key to the problem.

The stumbling-block has been the twofold use of the term "Belief" or "Faith". It is safe to assert that no term has been so misinterpreted and so abused as the term "Belief". Its use is a constant source of error upon error which is multiplied in endless volumes. The first thing therefore the modern world must do is to clear up this point once and for all. Till this is done, confusion will become worse confounded, and no peace will be attained in the Christian world.

To be as brief as possible, I will put the points in the form of propositions.

1. The term "Belief" is constantly used in two significations—one mental, the other spiritual.

2. The "mental" aspect has nothing whatever to do with "salvation", being identical with what Christ calls "understanding" and the modern world denominates "science".

3. The "spiritual" aspect alone is concerned with "salvation" or wholeness of the inner man, and is not occupied in any way with mere investigation of facts, that being the province of the mind.

4. These two aspects of "belief" are clearly indicated in the doctrine that God is Spirit, and those who worship must worship in Spirit and in Truth.

5. The theologian is guilty of un-Christian practice when he preaches that "mental" is equivalent to "spiritual" belief.

6. "Spiritual" belief is fortified by ritual and ceremonial of all kinds; "mental" belief is only legitimately increased by a free use of "understanding".

7. Christianity inculcates the necessity of developing man in a twofold manner, not consecutively, but simultaneously. In other words, man is not "saved" merely by knowledge, nor conversely is he "damned" merely by knowledge. These two states concern alone the inner man.

8. The modern theologian, contrary to the original doctrine of Christianity as promulgated by Christ Himself, has confused the issue to such an extent that the world of to-day is slowly and steadily turning its face backwards to the fountain-head. The Church must help, not retard. This it can accomplish only in one way—follow the footsteps along the twofold path of mind and spirit.

ARTHUR LOVELL.

REVIEWS

CORNWALL AND THE CORNISH.

"Cornish Saints and Sinners." By J. Henry Harris.
John Lane. 2s. 6d. net.

CORNWALL has one marked characteristic: she is able to seduce and obsess the children of sister counties. By some kindly exercise of fascination she takes and holds. One long vacation—or more surely a spring or autumn holiday—can weave and work the spell. The enchanted, though a "man of Kent" must forfeit his part with the *invicti*. He has been surprised and taken in thrall.

"Blue skies and sapphire seas" are of the spell, dim atmosphere of far off times, and calls to recollection of earlier things. But the lure for all, and that which holds, is a prevailing influence of peace, so deep as to make to-morrow a day unthought for, yesterday a day forgotten. Under this spell the dearest cares fade and are no more.

But, justly, if Cornwall robs the stranger of his yesterdays she finds good use of them herself. She has small genius in employing the Present. Present days are crude and raw. It is the Past that is in harmony with the gentle Duchy; and therefore through her hours as through her towns we move and walk "in the shadow of a long yesterday". It is an incorrigibly easeful people. As Mr. Harris points out, "The idea of smoothness resulting from leisure suits the Cornish genius at home, and he has a pleasing word for it in 'Suant'. When everything is 'Suant as oil' it is perfection itself. 'Who carries the broth must go suant' gives the idea of abundance of time in which to perform an errand without mishap." It follows that the housewife also goes "suant" in bread-making, butter-making, and the like. No hour, then, is indiscreet in which to call upon her for a refreshing "tell". Dropped in upon at nine or ten, or during her withdrawal from the men's dinner—once this is served—she at all times dispossesses her mind of business and becomes "newsy", entertaining, and restful. Then when the two, or the three, or the four women have impassionately turned village affairs inside out and in again, the "tell" languishes naturally of inanition they gently separate. It is the same with men holding up the village wall in "crib" time, where are building operations; the same with fellow tradesmen strolling in slack hours into each other's shops; the same, it might almost appear, with cherry-cheeked, sturdy-legged youngsters lined up against the school wall munching the mid-day pasty. There is ground for the legend that a certain man so perfectly realised the "suant" idea as to sleep composedly during the dentist's operations upon a tooth.

Forth from the ages into to-day moves Cornwall's immense, insouciant, taciturn pig. And in Sunday's leisure, as on all the Sundays in the Duchy's past, the owner's eyes rest contemplatively on him, noting each ripeness of perfection against the Day. Surely, here is a beast no less worthy of honour than that sucking infant of the race made famous through the pen of Charles Lamb. Yet with sorrow we find him rejected from amongst Cornish Saints and Sinners. The pig asks comment. He is part and parcel of Cornish village life, yielding only to him of Ireland in importance and value. Moreover, his bulk and portly carriage, *vasta ingens*, recall the noble beast whose heraldic semblance became King Arthur's cognisance, giving him for title "Cornewailles bor".

In spring or at Michaelmas the Day arrives. Then, weather being propitious, anticipation burns, and the household exchange congratulatory salutation. "It's a beautiful day for the pig." The housewife begins to boil water within her cottage, the men to run back and forth with pails, the clients to arrive for the securing of items—"innards", whose consumption may not be postponed—and the children to assemble at some distance from the elders whence they may watch, wide-eyed, the accustomed spectacle. All smile happily at thought of the approaching feast, the ex-

tended feast of fat things. The bacon-rack empty, pasties had been filling the breech, pasties of potatoes and cream, of parsley and sugar, of onions with eggs. These are indispensable for variety, but to people who deal sparsely with beef or mutton the killing of a "fat pig" of from 14 to 16 score gives cause for deep satisfaction. The judgment in "killing" time is a matter of careful consideration. An elderly "maiden", housekeeper to her brother, was chagrined, almost "moody", because in her view the unripe pig of two was slaughtered. "'Lias ordained to kill the small one", she said. "I rather hanged to the fat pig, because the small ones haven't so much lard. I may not be here when he's killed, or I may. I don't know; I must wait patiently."

The dialect alone is of inexhaustible interest. To cull from it Chaucerian words, Shakespearean, or Romany, may form a daily exercise. The understanding of conversation is, however, a different thing. Then the ear is cheated and hearing is confused. There are soft blurs of syllables owing to an extreme modification of the vowel sounds, while the vowels themselves play "general post" as in the extraordinary use of the Anglo-Saxon forefather. In Cornwall the dogs "berk", as they are said to have "berked" in the "Nun Priest's Tale". There blackberries grow still upon "brimbles", and to receive hurt is to be "horted". As the woman put it who was relating the death of her husband, "He was horted by cold, and horted by heat, but the cold carried him".

Mr. Harris gives the phonetic transcription of a conversation between miners, which further demonstrates the difficulties that lie in the understanding of Cornish speech. He shows that not only do the syllables take on disguise, but that a spoken sentence may become one smooth, unbroken sound. An old woman of our acquaintance was reported to be pleased with the burning properties of her recent purchase of coal. Then, "Ooderavemon"—Who do 'er 'ave 'em on?—enquired a neighbour.

The people are deeply sensitive on the score of manners and habits, so that it is almost impossible to get information from themselves through direct means. Any question aiming at the elucidation of a fact gleaned is met by a blank expression of face, and the invariable reply "I don't know". Most hopeless of all is an attempt on the part of strangers to tap the vein of occultism that is surviving in Cornwall. No one hitherto has succeeded in such adventure. Yet there lies enshrined in oral tradition much that cannot be met with in any written record, much that is read of in Pliny, much that is found in "Saxon Leechcraft". Nowhere, perhaps, beyond Cornish tradition may be preserved the idea that house flowers share with bees a sensitive sympathy with human affairs. "The old people said", relates a grandam, "that when anyone died they put a bit of black stuff on the window plants, same as on the bees; if not, the flowers might die."

Charms, of course, are in present vogue. Moreover, "blood-healing" is still known, used, and proved. Many testimonies are first-hand as to this curious gift, as it appears, of Nature. Its useful application for small or serious wounds is vouched for, and stories are told of its efficacy when exerted merely for spite. In certain districts the pig-killer will be glad to keep in with the "blood-healer" lest he send forth his power to arrest the flow of blood from the slaughtered, and so delay the act of death.

Mr. Harris is to be congratulated on the spirit of his book. This is almost subtly Cornish. No one could have better conveyed an idea of the influence—something very big and positive—that is underlying the seductive and languorous ease of an enchanted country. Influences are almost smothered by guide-books. Let all such aids to the knowing of Cornwall be eschewed by the wise traveller. She sleeps, and there only needs to be drawn forth and made communicable her dreams. From her own folk should be obtained all necessary topographical or antiquarian facts; for they, "living amongst the shadows of they know not what, and sounds which are as echoes of long ago", will give

with facts treasure that is more than facts. To them rocks and moor and sea have spoken of wars of opposites: of giants with pigmies, of saints with sinners, in which the victory was not to the strong. They speak also of after-times, when peace prevails and savage rocks lie hid under hosts of little flowering plants and grass.

EMPERORS AND AUXILIARIES.

"The Histories of Tacitus." Translated by George Gilbert Ramsay. Murray. 15s. net.

"The Auxilia of the Roman Imperial Army." By G. L. Cheeseman. Clarendon Press. 5s. net.

By LUCIAN THE LESS.

Near the bookshop by the Styx. *Vespasian, Domitian, each holding a book. An Auxiliary Soldier, holding (at the first) his tongue.*

VESPASIAN: Cut off from action as we are, my dear Domitian, it is among the alleviations of our lot that we are permitted to read and re-read the opinions passed by others on our lives and fortunes. It is not with us as with the supernumerary players on the great stage of the world, whose very names are sunk in Lethe. Our exploits confront us, moreover, in tongues other than our own—in that, for instance, wherein, moved by some mysterious force which vexes me a little (I confess) I now address you—the language of a race whose vicissitudes and destiny would seem in some degree to resemble our own. Such, my son, is the reward of eminence and merit. So it is that our beneficence renews its youth, our splendour. . . .

DOMITIAN: Father! Not quite so fast, I pray you. You needn't imagine that emperors are the only people this age is curious about. Why, here's a treatise on our auxiliaries—yes, our *auxiliaries*—that shows an amount of industry and research that might well put your slapdash Tacitus to the blush.

VESPASIAN: That remark is uncalled for. Not for the first time, Domitian, I notice an unworthy tendency on your part to disparage an admirable writer who first received public office at my hands—

DOMITIAN: And promotion at mine, the more fool I—

VESPASIAN: And who had the sense to appreciate and the talent to depict the glories of our Flavian era. A plague on the mischance, though, that robbed us of one half the story.

DOMITIAN: Take care, Father. You and your plagues! How if 'twas I that caused the precious records to disappear? . . . You start; but is the explanation so unlikely? I wonder what you think I'm made of! When I had read the remarks about my complexion and my character which the rascal dared to insert in his "*Agricola*" was I to permit his detailed record of my reign to smirch me with posterity? Not by any manner of means, thank you! And so—I took measures. The reputation of the family meant something to me, at any rate.

VESPASIAN (*in a muse*): Well—well—well. A headstrong lad, and jealous of his brother Titus, as I often told their mother. Still—he had a care for the family reputation. . . . (*Aloud*) I appreciate your motive, Domitian, though I deplore the deed. . . . I would you had always been as careful, though. . . . But pray don't brand as "slapdash" a writer who had the taste and judgment to approve the father, though he condemned the son.

DOMITIAN: Convince me of my error, then—if you can.

VESPASIAN: So far from meriting your reproach, Tacitus displayed—I assert it with the support of this, his ingenious and illuminating translator, and with the corroboration of Plinius, his friend—an unwearied diligence in the investigation of his facts. You are probably a victim of the fallacious doctrine which would have us hold that accuracy and brilliancy cannot coexist in the same historian; that in this kind only those are worth reckoning with who are dull. Tacitus

is brilliant, therefore he must be inaccurate; that is the sort of argument. Well, you will admit the brilliance; but his statements of fact, I find it written here, have continued to hold their ground in the face of modern criticism.

DOMITIAN: Nice for you, Father! He says your pro-consular administration of Africa was a disgrace.

VESPASIAN: And Suetonius says the exact opposite. Modesty forbids me to award the palm of exactitude in this particular instance, but I may remind you that the exception has been said to prove the rule. However, setting accuracy aside, you must allow, as a man of taste, that Tacitus can make the past live again; and in language whose magnificence it is hard to match.

DOMITIAN (*sulkily*): Yes, I suppose I admit that: only I'm not sure, between you and me, that it was worth while.

VESPASIAN: Not worth while? This from one who himself wore the purple? You astound me.

DOMITIAN: I can't help it, Father. It's just because I wore it that I feel so. I have not forgotten that year of civil war that practically fills up his "*Histories*". I wish I could. Don't misunderstand me: I became a ruffian myself—I have no illusions on that head; but it doesn't follow that I hanker after the society of other ruffians. And I ask you, in what other year of the world's history could you find a bigger set of scoundrels (present company excepted, of course) than were crammed into those twelve miserable months? A year in which three emperors perished—all richly deserving their fate, in my opinion—in which three civil wars were fought, innocent onlookers slaughtered by the score, the Capitol burnt to the ground—but why go farther with the dismal tale? You'll find all the horrid details in your dear Tacitus, who positively gloats over their enumeration; and it is evident that there are still folk, more than eighteen centuries later, who like to read 'em. Pah! What a set we were. I marvel the gods didn't make the Pompeian disaster universal, and overwhelm us all!

VESPASIAN: Speak for yourself. . . . Have you finished? Is the outburst over?

DOMITIAN: Nay, I could go on for hours. Yet I'll be brief. I wonder what you discern under the welter and the anguish of that abominable year. For my part I see only on the one side an unbridled desire for rule; on the other as precipitate a desire to find and adulate a ruler. And since but one could exercise dominion, while several wished it, therefore blood must flow. So that infuriated soldiers slew and were slain, not to win their liberty, but to rivet their chains. These be the fruits of Cæsarism: let us glory, Father, in the name of Cæsar.

VESPASIAN: I see what's the matter with you, Domitian; you've been associating with Helvidius and Thrasea and that crew, and drinking deep in honour of Brutus and Cassius. Don't deny it. But your reading of history is wrong, quite wrong. What men need and desire is government, not rulers; and it, at all costs, they must obtain. Each generation has its own idea of the form of government that suits it. The Romans of our day did not desire the restoration of the Republic—which it were fitter, by the way, to style an oligarchy—because knowing themselves incapable of its direction. They looked, therefore, that they might escape from anarchy, for a man to rule them. They did not find their man—at once. Therefore it was that the forum was polluted by the murder of the aged Galba, and the fields of Bedriacum were twice deluged with blood. Let me quote you Galba's words to his adopted son and successor:—"If the vast fabric of this empire could stand self-poised without a ruler, who more fit than I to set up a republic?" The thing, he knew, was an impossibility. "You will have to rule", he added, "over men who are neither fit for entire liberty, nor yet can tolerate entire servitude". Most true! Yet he was incapable of applying his own precepts, so he fell. And within a few months fell Otho and Vitellius also; and then,

at last, the Roman people found the thing they sought for.

DOMITIAN: I don't deny it, Father. You kept them in order and you kept them contented. It was reserved for your unlucky son Domitian to offend both senators and cobblers! But I should like to hear what sort of case you can make for our dealings with the Provincials.

VESPASIAN: Here's one, perhaps, will help me. Call yonder auxiliary.

DOMITIAN: Come hither, fellow—

VESPASIAN: Nay, but "fellow-soldier"; Galba taught us that!

DOMITIAN (with a shrug): "Fellow-soldier", then: you are wanted.

THE AUXILIARY: Princes, I am here! Where do I seek the enemy?

VESPASIAN: It is not a case of fighting, friend. We wish to talk with you. You are Sylvius, are you not, an auxiliary soldier from Britain? I thought so. Tell us, in the first place, what opinion you formed of the conditions of your service.

THE AUXILIARY: I learnt my duty. I obeyed. I fought. If I bled, what matter? It was our business, my comrades' and mine, to guard a distant frontier against barbarians. We guarded it. Years passed. How many years? I have forgotten. It was not all labour: we rejoiced our hearts, at times. At the last there came a fight—one of many—and I fell. One whispered in my ear that my wife and children were assured of civic rights: therefore I died contented. One small regret I had: I should not see Britain more. But it is nothing.

VESPASIAN: You hear him, Domitian? You understand? Tell us, in the next place, O Sylvius, what Rome did for the Provincials whose frontier you guarded.

THE AUXILIARY: Princes, I am plain—but I will try to tell you. I saw the weak protected; I saw justice done between a man and his neighbour; I saw order established and maintained; I saw industries spring up in place of savagery; I saw the ignorant instructed in the arts of life. Much good saw I, if some evil. Therefore was my loyalty ungrudging.

VESPASIAN: Again, Domitian, you hear him?

DOMITIAN: I do, Father, and I understand. The work that Tacitus and the other writers undertook was worth while, after all.

Exeunt the Princes: the Auxiliary remains on guard.

BUDDHIST FOOTPRINTS.

"Footfalls of Indian History." By Sister Nivedita (Margaret E. Noble). Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.

INDIA'S romantic appeal to the imagination has been felt by our own race no less than it was of old by Greek and Roman. From Elizabethan dramatists down to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, English writers have endeavoured to interpret its magic and to translate its mysterious glamour. Such a book as Colonel Tod's "Rajasthan", produced at the beginning of the prosaic nineteenth century, is a golden treasury of wonders ready to set the heart aflame. However much materialism and cold sanity may have directed British rule and enterprise in the East, the spectacle of the other India, gorgeous, terrible, and aloof, has never been wholly obscured. Sympathy for the ideals of the Asiatic peoples is often only tempered by the difficulty of finding what those aspirations truly are. Who, save the needy axe-grinders, cares or attempts to reveal them to us?

"The East bowed low before the blast

In patient, deep disdain;

She let the legions thunder past

And plunged in thought again."

"Footfalls of Indian History", a book by an author whose outlook and interests are evidently Oriental rather than Occidental, ought to tell us a good deal that we wish and need to know. Its purpose is clearly

good. The study of origins, studiously as some of our historians manage to avoid them, is always necessary to the understanding of nations and peoples, and knowledge of ancient India is at present, to say the least of it, fragmentary. Here we find some attempt to put the pieces together, and to produce a significant picture. Further, in choosing the Buddha as the central figure around which men and events are to revolve, the author has meant well. One of the greatest men that ever lived, and undoubtedly the grandest character in all the chronicles of India, his influence on the human race redounds exceedingly to the credit of the country in which he was born and where he preached. His teaching and his power over the minds of men might, indeed, have been expected both to create and to maintain that sense of unity and nationality among his countrymen which "Sister Nivedita" appears so earnestly to desire. Try as she will, however, the author does not convince an unbiased reader that the work of the Buddha had any such result. His personality, of course, left a mark which only centuries could efface, and his attempt to democratise religion must have touched society. In foreign lands and beyond seas the faith founded on his name is yet a living, though scarcely a growing, force, but to-day its professors have practically disappeared from the great plain of the Ganges where he taught.

Monasticism, with all that it entailed in detachment from the world's affairs, wrought the ruin of Buddhism in India. Arrayed against it was the proudest and strongest secular priesthood that has ever sought to dominate a people. The contest was unequal. On the one side an ideal without a promise; on the other the vested interests of many classes and a quicksand of elaborately fostered superstitions. If Gautama Buddha contributed anything substantial to the development of future generations in his own country, it is to be feared that it was only the intensification of the theory of *laissez-faire*. In presenting him as a national hero around whom all Indian thought may gather, and with whom we may begin a study of national history, the author of this book seeks to prove too much, or, at least, she advances her contentions on the slenderest evidence. Her suggestion that Buddhist influence is to be seen in the increase of Shiva worship and the identification of the popular god with the Vedic Rudra is hardly tenable. At the most it only seems to extend to externals. Shiva, the lord of demons, the destroyer, dancer, drinker, and hunter, has little in common with the man of "stirless meditation, unshadowed knowledge, fathomless pity". That such a deity has come to be revered appears rather to prove that the footprints of the Buddha were too often left only on sand, and that reaction from his teaching was violent. The very connection of Shiva with the pristine Rudra, whose "wide-mouthed howling dogs swallow their prey unchewed", bespeaks an itch for savagery after a period of unnatural gentleness. At Puri, where stood what was, perhaps, the most sacred of all Buddhist shrines, now stands the temple of the hideous Juggernaut, around whose worship clings a tradition terribly antagonistic to the religion of humanity preached by the Enlightened One.

There is, however, one chapter in this book which seems of considerable value to the student of Indian character. In writing of the old Brahmanical learning the author gets beyond her own theories, and touches our sympathies at once. Here we realise that we are faced with something very good that has been damaged, perhaps unavoidably, by British progress. The patient scholarship of the East, devoting many years to the study of a single book, seeking no reward save wisdom, commands veneration and awe from a race whose educational system produces so many clerically smatterers. We do not doubt the author when she writes of the fine and noble type of scholar which came of old from India's places of learning when knowledge of Persian was added to the ordinary training in Sanskrit. English—and what English!—is now, of course, acquired by the student. The study of Persian

is dead; it has been killed by the same materialism which would throttle Greek at Oxford. For the "progress" of higher education in India it is seldom easy to find a good word.

THE DEATHLESS STORY OF CRADOCK.

"Coronel and the Falkland Islands." By A. Neville Hilditch. At the Oxford University Press. 3d. net

THE story of Coronel and the Falkland Islands will undoubtedly be counted in years to come as one of the great stories of the war. Everything conspires to enforce its appeal and to make it unforgettable. It is marked out as a story of the Great War wherein an heroic contest between brave men was not disfigured by any suspicion of brutality in the opposer, by any act of meanness, by any faltering from the level of chivalrous and honourable war. Admiral Graf von Spee went down with his ship after fighting desperately against odds; and he took with him the admiration and respect of his enemy. Then, too, there was a perfect setting to the last scene of this great drama of the sea, fought within reach of the desolate Horn in waters already consecrated to ideals of adventure and endurance by generations of stern seafaring. Finally, there is something striking in that neat reversal of the odds at the close wherein the victorious and unsuspecting German squadron, which had outranged and outclassed the devoted and audacious Cradock, paid in full for the bludgeoned British ships and brave men who lay at the bottom of the ocean.

This little pamphlet of Mr. Hilditch in all simplicity and terseness makes these memorable encounters live again. The author knows well the coast near which the two actions were fought, and the scenes he describes come to us out of his imagination as clear and firm as from a die. He gives us not alone the facts, but the picture. He does not deal in picturesque description or studied effects; but this makes his narrative all the more striking and vital. Among the scenes described in this little book there are three or four which strike immediately into the eye. One of these presents the black outlines of the British ships off Coronel showing up against a glowing sunset and presenting to Graf von Spee a perfect target for his deadly guns. Another shows us the "Glasgow" moving off in the darkness from the sinking "Monmouth", from whose decks one cheer and yet another went up to assure the heartsick crew of the ship, which was ordered to save herself, that the necessity for her retirement was fully understood by the doomed sailors. Yet another shows us the squadron of von Spee some weeks later cautiously making for the Falkland Islands, unsuspecting of the arrival of Sir Doveton Sturdee and his cruisers. The German ships came looking for their doom under the impression that Port Stanley was virtually undefended. The leisurely way in which Admiral Sturdee disillusioned them, the awful deliberation of his preparations for battle, give to the manœuvring and reconnoitring of the German vessels the appearance of mice running in circles about a baited trap. The story comes in here of how Admiral Sturdee in the early morning was warned of the approach of the German cruisers. The flag lieutenant, the story goes, dashed down to Admiral Sturdee's cabin in his pyjamas. Sir Doveton was shaving, but the lieutenant poured forth the news. "Well", said the Admiral, "you had better go and get dressed. We'll see about it later."

The main impression of the whole story is one of hopeless bravery in the defeated on both sides. At Coronel Cradock, after the first moments of the action, must have known that his ships were doomed. It simply remained to go down fighting and trusting that the luck would turn. But luck is a poor ally against speed and weight of armament. The Germans in turn had the same bitter position to face when they met Admiral Sturdee off the Falkland Islands, with the added example of their own late victory to

emphasise the hopelessness of their position. We can imagine no situation to call for more sublime self-mastery than that of a modern fleet outranged and powerless to withdraw. In the story of the Coronel and the Falkland Islands we can be glad that the conduct of British and German alike was on the heroic plane. In Cradock and the "Good Hope" Great Britain lost a gallant ship and a gallant man. He would be the first to admit that in the "Scharnhorst" and Admiral Graf von Spee a worthy sacrifice was offered to appease him.

"TO THE SOLDIER YOUTH OF ENGLAND."

"The Sword of Youth." By James Lane Allen. Macmillan. 6s.

HERE is a novel which, while it has nothing directly to do with our present war, comes aptly just now. It is a story of love and youth and war by a writer particularly skilful in depicting the deeper emotions of the human heart. It tells of the American Civil War, and it is dedicated by Mr. James Lane Allen to "the soldier-youth of England in this war of theirs". So elemental and universal are the facts of war in their effects upon the soul of a people that this book might have been written for us. It deals with the conflicts of love and duty as presented to full-blooded and impetuous youth. It is a story of the men who act and the women who wait, and the thoughts and sensations and feelings of the characters in the book strike home to us very poignantly. It is just in this fashion that we are all feeling to-day. Joseph Sumner, the youngest son of a Kentucky farmer, is left at home with his mother while his father and brothers are at the war. For two years he works, a submissive drudge engaged in menial and domestic duties, and secretly despised by his mother, who regards him as good for nothing else. But all the time, silently and without expression, there has been smouldering in him the flame of an unbounded patriotism, the ambition to take his share in the man's work beside his brothers. On his seventeenth birthday he breaks the news to his astonished mother, who will not give her consent.

"If this war ends without my going into it, what will my life be? How will I look my children in the eyes when they ask me ten years from now to tell them stories about it, and when I say to them that I stayed at home; that I kindled fires, fed the turkeys, cooked slops for the pigs. . . . Are you willing to send me through my life along that road? . . . Send me away as you sent away each of my brothers."

But both the mother and the girl he loves unite their forces to try to prevent him going, and when in the end he went he had to go without their consent.*

"And thus in a way the boy, alone there on his father's farm in the darkness of that September evening long years ago—in his way he was all of us. The nation writhed in the death-throes of a great sad war; but within him was a greater war still. It is the war we all wage between what is right within us and what is right; between one duty and another duty; between what is good and what is good. Not war between our strength and our weakness, but between our strength and our strength, between our peace and our peace."

But Joseph Sumner made the right choice, and came out of his test with his soul alive. Later he had to make another choice and decide for himself a difficult problem. For on the battlefield there came two years later a summons from the dying mother he had left at

* A different ending from that of a true story of recruiting that has been lately sent to the SATURDAY REVIEW. A two-days' recruiting expedition with band, orators, etc., was organised in Devonshire. It met with little success. Towards the close of the expedition, three men were noticed in a barn, listening to the speeches and the band. They were pulled out looking sheepish. Two would not listen to appeals. The third was almost secured, when a young girl ran forward, put her arms about his neck, and cried out, "He is not to go!" She was asked why, and replied, "Because I love him and am his sister". Arguments were in vain, and he was not recruited.

home. To obtain leave was impossible, but the summons was irresistible. And so he deserted, only to find his journey fruitless and himself under the shadow of disgrace and liable to be shot as a defaulter. How he returned to his regiment and how he secured his pardon are told by Mr. Allen in a singularly sweet and human story which, slight as it is in point of narrative, touches very deeply the mainsprings of life. Mr. Allen is a writer of sentiment. In some of his books this sentiment verges on the sugary and sickly, but in "The Sword of Youth" his touch is sure. He shows insight in the following description of the effect of letters from home upon the soldiers.

"They sometimes tore wounds worse than those of steel and shell. Soldiers saw their comrades, after reading letters from home, begin to wander about half-crazed. They often noticed them go off by themselves in some quiet spot, if there was one, into their tents if there was none, and lie down flat on their faces and hold their heads as though they were bursting with problems worse than pain."

To read the book is to think better of human nature, and to realise how a great idea may transfigure and transmute the dullest and most ordinary life and make of it a thing of dignity and nobility.

MARINE INSURANCE.

"Arnould on Marine Insurance." Ninth Edition. By E. L. de Hart and R. J. Simey. Stevens. 2 Vols. 70s.

Before the Napoleonic wars the legality of insurances on alien enemies' ships and cargoes was a moot point in English law. The practice was, however, countenanced on the grounds of expediency and policy, and had the support of Lord Mansfield, that great moulder of our Maritime Insurance Law. Both he, as Sir William Murray, and Sir Dudley Ryder opposed in Parliament in 1746 and 1747 a Bill which became law in 1748, whereby such insurances on French ships were declared illegal for the period of the war then being carried on. But though Lord Mansfield supported the practice from motives of policy, we are told by Mr. Justice Buller that he never could be got to give his opinion on its legality. The arguments put forward in its support were somewhat of this sort: England, it was said, was the centre of the marine insurance world and to forbid such insurances would be to discourage and perhaps permanently to lose a great part of that business, and that, though, by adhering to it, our enemies might be safeguarded at our expense, the premiums earned gave us considerable compensation. This view had been freely condemned by Continental jurists of whom Bynkershoeek asks very pertinently "Hostium periculum in se suscipere quid est aliud quam eorum commercia permovere"? Valin, too, after showing that in France the insurance of enemy's property was contrary to French law, observes in language bordering upon derision that the English did not consider the insurance of enemy's property prohibited by a declaration of war. "For", says he, "they consistently during the last war" (he is referring to the Seven Years' War terminating in 1763) "insured our ships and cargoes as in time of peace . . . the consequence was that one part of that nation restored to us by the effects of insurance what the other took from us by the right of war".

In 1793 another Act of a temporary character, like that of 1748, was passed, but apart from statute the illegality of such insurances was at length firmly established in 1802 by the celebrated case of *Furtado v. Rogers* in the Court of Common Pleas under the Presidency of Lord Alvanley, whereby all such insurances, whether entered into during or before the war, were declared illegal. Lord Ellenborough vigorously asserted the same view of the law, pronouncing such insurances not only illegal and void, but repugnant to every principle of public policy, and declaring that every insurance on alien property by a British subject must be understood with this limitation, that it should not extend to cover any loss happening during the existence of hostilities between the respective countries of the assured and the underwriters.

The law as thus established during the last great European war is that which must be appealed to in such cases during this war.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ART.

Lithography and Lithographers (J. and E. Pennell). Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Great Condé (Eveline Godley). Murray. 15s. net.
The Story of the Hohenzollerns (C. S. Jones). Jarrold. 5s. net.
Francis Joseph of Austria: His Life and Times (R. P. Mahaffy). Duckworth. 2s. net.

FICTION.

Patricia (Edith H. Fowler). Putnam. 6s.
Lady Bridget in the Never-Never Land (Mrs. C. Praed); The Princess of Happy Chance (Tom Gallon). Hutchinson. 6s. each.
Accidentals (Helen Mackay). Melrose. 5s. net.
Tainted Gold (H. Noel Williams). Paul. 6s.
Marriage by Conquest (W. Deeping). Cassell. 6s.
The Herb of Healing (G. B. Burgin); A Bride of the Plains (Baroness Orczy); Meave (Dorothea Conyers). Hutchinson. 6s. each.
The Snake Garden (Amy J. Baker); The Wizard of the Turf (N. Gould). Long. 6s. each.
Miss Billy's Decision (E. H. Porter); The Black Lake (Sir W. Magnay). Paul. 6s. each.

HISTORY AND ARCHEOLOGY.

Codex Alexandrinus, Old Testament. Part I. £1 15s.; Selection of Italian Medals. 8s. 6d.; Bronze Reliefs from the Gates of Shalmaneser. £1 15s. The British Museum.

PLAYS AND VERSE.

Plays (Leonid Andreyeff). 6s.; Three Little Dramas (M. Maeterlinck). 2s. Duckworth.
A Song of the English (Rudyard Kipling). Hodder. 5s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Martyr's Servant (A. S. Cripps). Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.
Back to Shakespeare (H. Morse). Kegan Paul. 6s. net.
Britain in Deadly Peril (Wm. Le Queux). Paul. 1s. net.
German Culture (E. B. Box). 4s. 6d. net; The Arcana of Freemasonry (A. Churchward). 7s. 6d. net. Allen and Unwin.
Painless Childbirth in Twilight Sleep (Hanna Rion). Laurie. 6s. net.
The Plateau Peoples of America (A. A. Adams). Routledge. 3s. 6d. net.
Village and Town Life in China (Y. K. Leong and L. K. Tao). Allen and Unwin. 5s. net.

The Times

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THE WELSH CHURCH ACT.

THE action of the Government in forcing the Welsh Church Bill upon the Statute Book by means of the Parliament Act, and bringing it into immediate operation in spite of the Prime Minister's pledge not to proceed with controversial legislation during the War, necessitates continued effort in defence of the Church in Wales.

Churchmen are therefore invited to support the CENTRAL CHURCH DEFENCE COMMITTEE, so that, when national conditions permit, an effective campaign may be launched for the repeal of the Act.

Cheques (crossed Messrs. Hoare) may be sent to the Secretary at the Offices of the Committee in the Church House, Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W.

T. MARTIN TILBY,
Secretary.

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS.

Examination May 18th, 19th, 20th. At least Ten Entrance Scholarships value £75 to £20, and some House Exhibitions will be offered to Candidates who are not already in the College, whether Senior or Junior Department, including James of Hereford Scholarship, value £35 per annum, with preference for boys born, educated, or residing in Herefordshire. Also Army and Old Cheltonian Scholarships.

Some Nominations for Sons of the Clergy, value £30 per annum, are open for next term. Apply to The Bursar, The College, Cheltenham.

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THE GRAND TRUNK OF CANADA.

MR. ALFRED W. SMITHERS, presiding last Thursday at the General Meeting of the Grand Trunk Railway Co., of Canada, said the decrease in the gross receipts on the Grand Trunk proper, which amounted to £1,023,408, was distributed over all classes of traffic. Economies were effected wherever possible, the working expenses being reduced by £419,891, but it was impossible immediately to reduce the expenses commensurate with the falling off in the receipts. The only item of increase was £10,000 under the heading of general expenses. This was accounted for by their having to keep on the pay-roll for five months those of their men who had joined the Canadian Forces for service at the Front, and amounted to £17,000. The working results of the Grand Trunk Western Railway were unsatisfactory. This line ran through the State of Michigan and partly through Indiana and Illinois. All the lines running through those States had severely felt the effects of bad trade in the United States and of the increased expenses caused by the requirements of the Federal and State authorities. Their President, Mr. Chamberlin, stated that the constantly increasing demands by the State authorities were the main cause of increased expenses. The increase in the cost of labour alone last year, compared with five years ago, on their Western line was over £200,000. Moreover, they were frequently compelled to incur expenditure on renewals which might be properly and safely deferred, thereby securing a longer life from the material and structures. The same remarks applied to the Detroit Grand Haven and Milwaukee line. These results were very unsatisfactory, and the railways had brought, and were bringing, all pressure possible to bear on the Federal and State authorities to remedy the state of things.

With regard to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, although work had still to be done on the line, they had been able during the winter to operate a bi-weekly service between Prince Rupert, Edmonton and Winnipeg. It was a very great disappointment that in the year of the completion of this great undertaking there should have been a very bad harvest in the North-West, accompanied by the outbreak of this terrible war. They had to contend with bad trade in the United States and with depressed conditions in Canada, accentuated by drought and frost, which seriously diminished the yield of the Canadian harvest. The big deficiencies in the crops of necessity caused large decreases in the traffic receipts of the railways, but there was a redeeming feature as bearing upon the result to Canada as a country. This was that, notwithstanding the heavy decrease in the yield, the value of all the field crops of Canada, computed to average local market prices, was £127,000,000, as compared with £111,000,000 in 1913. This increase of £16,000,000 in value was brought about by the huge demand created by the war in Europe and the consequent rise in price. It was confidently expected that the rise in price and the great demand for everything Canada produced would lead to a considerable extension of the area brought under cultivation in the present year. There were indications that the requirements, both of the Mother Country and of her Allies, were leading to renewed activity in the United States and Canada, and there was every sign that the money which would be spent on the requirements for the war would reach very large sums.

The war had hit with terrible force the whole world, but it had hit hardest the new countries in process of development. Of the new countries none had seen such progress of development as Canada in the last twelve years, and consequently it was the most vulnerable to the effects of such a catastrophe as the war. What was true of Canada as a country was true in no less degree of this company. They met the emergency by cutting down or stopping every possible expenditure, but the possibility was limited by the nature of the case they had to meet. Millions of capital and miles of road could not be allowed to become dead and useless because necessary works to make the whole available had to be carried out. They were doing their utmost to carry existing works to a conclusion, but beyond that they would stop all fresh expenditure.

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A MEETING of the holders of the 5 per cent. 1st Mortgage 50-year Bonds of the above Company will be held at Cannon Street Hotel, London, England, on Tuesday, the 11th day of May, 1915, at 12.30 o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of considering and, if thought fit, passing with or without modification, Extraordinary Resolutions, to the intent that the same shall be binding on all the Bondholders, whether present or not present at such meeting.

A full copy of the Notice convening the meeting, copies of the Reports of the Committee of Bondholders and of H. F. Parrishall, D.Sc., M.Inst.C.E., and of the Agreement to be submitted to the meeting, and copies of the requisite forms of Voting Certificates, can be obtained in England at the Company's Office, 34, Bishopsgate, London, E.C., and in France at the Société Générale, Paris, and in Belgium at the Banque Internationale de Bruxelles, 97, Avenue des Arts, Brussels, and in Canada at the office of the Company, Manning Arcade, King Street West, Toronto.

Holders of Bonds to Bearer must either produce their bonds at the meeting or deposit their bonds with their bankers, who will issue a Voting Certificate in respect thereof for the purpose of the meeting, which will entitle them either to attend personally or give a proxy for the meeting. Registered Bondholders may attend the meeting personally without production of their bonds, but if they desire to attend by proxy they must deposit their bonds in the manner above-mentioned.

THOS. PORTER, Assistant Secretary,
34, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.

Dated April 14th, 1915.

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IMAGINE three-quarters of Britain's towns and villages destroyed. This is Poland's condition. Industry is at a standstill; millions are out of work; the meadows and arable lands are furrowed by deep trenches, riddled with shell-holes; the same tracts have been swept over and over again by immense battle waves; nothing remains. The village spire stands tottering still above the roofless cottages; the barns and ricks are burnt; the horses and cattle all stolen or slain: ruin everywhere. The women and children have been driven out into the open, they cower in the woods; the manse, the manor house, the old castle in the park, all are destroyed; there is no one to help, there is nowhere to fly to, nothing to do but to hide among ruins, in woods or in hollows, gnawing roots and the bark of trees, while the children shiver and starve to death.

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Give! Give all you can! Twenty-five million Polish hearts will bless you for every little loaf, every brick, every garment, every handful of seed bought with British coin.

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